This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT.

VOL. I.

W. N. Gardiner f.

Le Ct. Antoine Hamilton.

The Original Picture in the Collection of Lord Beaulieu.

Pub. July. 1. 1808. by John White, Fleet St. & John Scott. Strand.

MEMOIRS

5517

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT,

BY

COUNT A. HAMILTON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

WITH

Notes and Illustrations.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

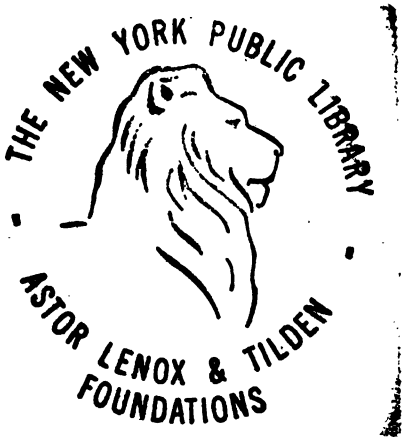
VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed by T. BENSLEY, Bolt Court,

FOR J. WHITE, FLEET STREET; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW; AND J. SCOTT, STRAND.

1809.


THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX & TILDEN
FOUNDATIONS

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE QUARTO EDITION.

THESE Memoirs, in which, as it has been truly said, 'with an easy and exquisite pencil,' the author 'has painted the chief characters of the Court of Charles the Second, as they were with great truth and spirit described to him, by Count Grammont,' have long been the object of admiration, by those who were enabled to read them in their original language. By some strange fatality, it has happened that the English reader has been deprived of the pleasure he might

have received from the work, owing to the inelegance and inaccuracy of the only two translations which have hitherto appeared; translations, if they may be so called, which, besides other faults, are deformed with every species of offence against grammar, and in many places, even against common sense.

The Author, Count Anthony Hamilton, was of the same family, which makes so distinguished a figure in the present Memoirs. He was born in Ireland, but passed the greater part of his life in France. On the accession of James II. he obtained, though a Papist, a regiment of Infantry in Ireland, and was made governor of Limerick. At the revolution he adhered to the fortune of his dethroned Sovereign, and followed him to France, where he became a Lieutenant Gene-

ral, and died at St. Germains, the 21st of April, 1720, aged seventy-four years, deservedly regretted by all who knew him. Though naturally serious, he had at times a disposition to gaiety, and in his less severe moments, did not lose sight of decency and morality. Voltaire praises his writings, which he says 'have all the humour without 'the burlesque of Scarron.' By a letter from him to Mr. Pope, printed in that gentleman's works, we learn that our author had translated THE ART OF CRITICISM into French. It does not however appear to have been published.

On the present republication, the undertakers of it presume they may, without impropriety, remark, that the translation is entirely new, and, as they hope, freed from the blemishes of the two former. Some notes and

illustrations are added by another hand. In selecting the portraits, which embellish this work, they have had such assistance from many families, as they cannot but gratefully remember and acknowledge. The typography, they presume, will do no discredit to the English press. In every thing which concerns the work, they have spared no expense, and trust with confidence to the liberality and justice of the public.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE PRESENT EDITION.

THE quarto edition of this translation of the 'MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT,' having been long out of print, and the eagerness with which copies of it continue to be sought after, being a sufficient proof that a new edition cannot be unacceptable to the public, the proprietors have been induced to bring one forward in a less expensive and more convenient form.

Respecting the execution of it, they beg leave to observe, that it

would have enhanced the price too much, if they had given all the portraits which embellished the former edition; they have therefore made a selection of those which were considered most interesting. As credit was taken for the typographical execution of the last edition, they trust the present will be found, in that respect, to have much higher claims to approbation.

The translation has been throughout carefully revised, and, it is hoped, will be found improved; a few additions have been likewise made to the notes.

One slight deviation from the arrangement of the former editions it is

proper to notice. For the purpose of effecting an equal division of the volumes, the ninth and tenth chapters are divided into three, in consequence of which, what was formerly the eleventh, now becomes the twelfth chapter.

LONDON, May 1808.

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT.

CHAPTER I.

As those who read only for amusement are in my opinion more worthy of attention than those who open a book merely to find fault, to the former I address myself, and for their entertainment commit the following pages to press, without being in the least concerned about the severe criticisms of the latter. I farther declare, that the order of time and disposition of the facts, which give more trouble to the writer than pleasure to the reader, shall not much embarrass me in these

memoirs. It being my design to convey a just idea of my hero, those circumstances which most tend to illustrate and distinguish his character shall find a place in these fragments just as they present themselves to my imagination, without paying any particular attention to their arrangement.

For, after all, what does it signify where the portrait is begun, provided the assemblage of the parts forms a whole which perfectly expresses the original? The celebrated Plutarch, who treats his heroes as he does his readers, commences the life of the one just as he thinks fit, and diverts the attention of the other with digressions into antiquity, or agreeable passages of literature, which frequently have no reference to the subject: for instance, he tells us, that Demetrius Poliorcetes was far from being so tall as his father

Antigonus; and afterwards, that his reputed father Antigonus was only his uncle; but this is not until he has begun his life with a short account of his death, his various exploits, his good and bad qualities; and at last, out of compassion to his failings, brings forward a comparison between him and the unfortunate Mark Antony.

In the life of Numa Pompilius he begins by a dissertation upon his preceptor Pythagoras; and, as if he thought the reader would be anxious to know whether it was the ancient philosopher, or one of the same name, who, after being victorious at the Olympic games, went full speed into Italy to teach Numa philosophy, and instruct him in the arts of government; he gives himself much trouble to explain this difficulty, and, after all, leaves it undetermined. What I have

said upon this subject is not meant to reflect upon this historian, to whom, of all the ancients, we are most obliged; it is only intended to authorize the manner in which I have treated a life far more extraordinary than any of those he has transmitted to us. It is my part to describe a man, whose inimitable character throws a veil over those faults which I shall neither palliate nor disguise; a man, distinguished by a mixture of virtues and vices so closely linked together, as in appearance to form a necessary dependence, glowing with the greatest beauty when united, shining with the brightest lustre when opposed.

It is this indefinable brilliancy, which in war, in love, at play, and in the various stages of a long life, has rendered the Count de Grammont the admiration of the age in

PHILIBERT COMTE DE GRAMMONT.

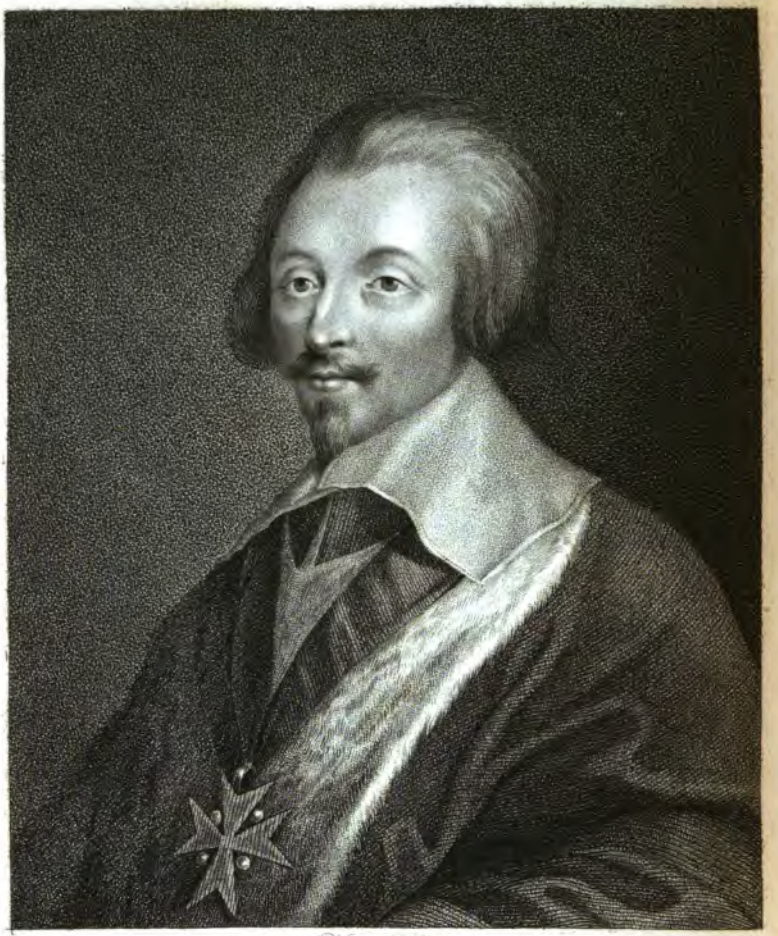
From a Picture in the Poſſeſſion of the Earl of Orford at Strawberry Hill.

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White Fleet St.r & John Scott. Strand.

which he lived. By this he became the delight of every country wherein he has displayed his engaging qualities and his inconstancy: where the liveliness of his wit gave birth to those admirable bon mots, which have been transmitted to posterity with universal applause; of those who have been enriched by his magnificence and profusion; or finally, of those in which he has enjoyed his presence of mind in the most imminent perils, while his facetiousness in the most trying circumstances of warfare has proved him possessed of firmness and courage which fall to the lot of few. I shall not attempt to draw his portrait: his person has been described by Bussi and St. Evremond, authors more entertaining than faithful. The former has represented the Chevalier Grammont as artful, fickle, and even somewhat treacherous, in his amours, and

indefatigable and cruel in his jealousies. St. Evremond has used different colours to express the genius and describe the general manners of the Count; whilst both, in their different pictures, have done greater honour to themselves than justice to their hero.

It is, therefore, to the Count himself we must listen, in the agreeable relation of the sieges and battles, wherein he distinguished himself under another hero; and it is on him we must rely for the true representation of passages the least glorious of his life, and for the sincerity with which he relates his address, vivacity, frauds, and the various stratagems he practised either in love or gaming. These express his true character, and to himself we owe these memoirs, since I only hold the pen, while he directs it to the most remarkable and secret passages of his life.



Van den Bergh sc.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

From an Original Picture by Philip Champagne, in the Poſſeſſion of Morland Eſq.r

Pub. July 1 1808. by John White Fleet St. & John Scott Strand.

CHAPTER II.

In those days affairs were not managed in France as at present: Louis XIII. then sat upon the throne, but the Cardinal de Richlieu governed the kingdom; great men commanded small armies, and small armies did great things: the fortune of great men depended solely upon ministerial favour, and blind devotion to the will of the minister was the only sure method of advancement. Vast designs were then laying in the heart of neighbouring states the foundation of that formidable greatness to which France has now risen: the police was somewhat neglected; the highways were impassable by day, and the streets by night; but robberies were committed else-

where with greater impunity. Young men, on their first entrance into the world, took what course they thought proper: whoever would, was a Chevalier, and whoever could, an Abbé, I mean a beneficed Abbé: dress made no distinction between them; and, I believe, the Chevalier Grammont was both the one and the other at the siege of Trino.

This was his first campaign, and here he displayed those attractive graces which so favourably prepossess, and require neither friends nor recommendations to procure a favourable reception in any company. The siege was already formed when he arrived, which saved him some needless risks; for a volunteer cannot rest at ease, until he has stood the first fire: he went therefore to reconnoitre the generals, having no occasion to reconnoitre the place.

Prince Thomas commanded the army; and as the post of Lieutenant-General was not then known, Du Plessis Pralin and the famous Viscount Turenne were his Major Generals. Fortified places were treated with some respect, before a Power which nothing can withstand had found means to destroy them by dreadful showers of bombs, and by destructive batteries of a hundred pieces of cannon. Before these furious storms which drive governors under ground and reduce their garrisons to powder, repeated sallies bravely repulsed, and vigorous attacks nobly sustained, signalized both the art of the besiegers and the courage of the besieged; consequently sieges were of some length, and young men had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge. Many brave actions were performed on each side during the siege

of Trino: a great deal of fatigue was endured, and considerable losses sustained; but fatigue was no more considered, hardships were no more felt in the trenches, gravity was at an end with the generals, and the troops were no longer dispirited, after the arrival of the Chevalier Grammont. Pleasure was his pursuit, and he made it universal.

Among the officers in the army, as in all other places, there are men of real merit, or pretenders to it. The latter endeavoured to imitate the Chevalier Grammont in his most shining qualities, but without success; the former admired his talents and courted his friendship. Of this number was Matta: He was agreeable in his person, but still more by the natural turn of his wit; he was plain and simple in his manners, but endued with a quick dis-

cernment and refined delicacy, and full of candour and integrity in all his actions. The Chevalier Grammont was not long in discovering his amiable qualities; an acquaintance was soon formed, and was succeeded by the strictest intimacy.

Matta insisted that the Chevalier should take up his quarters with him; to which he only consented, on condition of equally contributing to the expence. As they were both liberal and magnificent, at their common cost they gave the best designed and most luxurious entertainments that had ever yet been seen. Play was wonderfully productive at first, and the Chevalier returned in a hundred different ways that which he obtained only by one. The generals, being entertained by turns, admired their magnificence, and were dissatisfied with their own officers for

not keeping such good tables and attendance. The Chevalier had the talent of setting off the most indifferent things to advantage; and his wit was so generally acknowledged, that it was a kind of disgrace not to submit to his taste. To him Matta resigned the care of furnishing the table and doing its honours; and charmed with the general applause, persuaded himself that nothing could be more honourable than their way of living, and nothing more easy than to continue it; but he soon perceived that the greatest prosperity is not the most lasting. Good living, bad economy, dishonest servants, and ill-luck, all uniting together to disconcert their house-keeping, their table was going to be gradually laid aside, when the Chevalier's genius, fertile in resources, undertook to support his former credit by an expedient, of which the reader will presently hear.

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately, that he must either receive money to continue the expences, or give in his accounts. One day, when the Chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy chair, and being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having for a short time, observed the deep fit of musing in which he was buried, and the profound silence between two persons, who had never held their tongue for a moment when together before, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him. 'A merry way of 'waking, and ludicrous enough,' said the Chevalier; 'What is the matter,

'and what do you laugh at?' 'Faith, 'Chevalier,' said Matta, 'I am laugh-'ing at a dream I had just now, which 'is so natural and diverting, that I 'must make you laugh at it also. I 'was dreaming that we had dismissed 'our maître d'hôtel, our cook, and 'our butler, having resolved, for the 'remainder of the campaign, to live 'upon others as others have lived upon 'us: this was my dream. Now tell 'me, Chevalier, on what were you 'musing?' 'Poor fellow!' said the Chevalier, shrugging up his shoulders, 'you are knocked down at once, and 'thrown into the utmost consternation 'and despair at some silly stories 'which the maître d'hôtel has been 'telling you as well as me. What! 'after the figure we have made in the 'face of the nobility and foreigners in 'the army, shall we give it up, and

'like fools and beggars sneak off, upon 'the first failure of our money! Have 'you no sentiments of honour! Where 'is the dignity of France?' 'And where 'is the money?' said Matta; 'for my 'men say, the Devil may take them, 'if there be ten crowns in the house; 'and I believe you have not much 'more, for it is above a week since I 'have seen you either pull out your 'purse, or count your money, an 'amusement you were very fond of 'in prosperity.' 'I own all this,' said the Chevalier, 'but yet I will force 'you to confess, that you are but a 'mean-spirited fellow upon this occa-'sion. What would have become of 'you if you had been reduced to the 'situation I was in at Lyons, four days 'before I arrived here? I will tell you 'the story.'

CHAPTER III.

'THIS,' said Matta, 'smells strongly 'of romance, except that it should 'have been your Squire's part to tell 'your adventures.' 'True,' said the 'Chevalier; 'however, I may acquaint 'you with my first exploits without 'offending my modesty; besides, my 'Squire's style borders too much upon 'the burlesque for an heroic narra-'tive.

'You must know then, that upon 'my arrival at Lyons'—Is it thus you begin, said Matta? Pray give us your history a little farther back, the most minute particulars of a life like yours are worthy of relation; but above all, the manner in which you first paid your respects to Cardinal Richlieu: I

have often laughed at it. I dispense however, with the relation of your juvenile exploits, your genealogy, name and quality of your ancestors, for these are subjects with which you must be utterly unacquainted.

'Poh!' said the Chevalier, 'you 'jest with a very bad grace, you 'believe that every one is as igno- 'rant as yourself;—you think that I 'am a stranger to the Mendores and 'the Corisandes. So, perhaps I don't 'know, that it was my father's own 'fault that he was not the son of 'Henry IV. The king would by all 'means have acknowledged him for 'his son, but the cross-grained fellow 'would never consent to it. See what 'the Grammonts would have been now, 'but for his obstinacy! They would 'have had precedence of the Cæsars

'de Vendôme. You may laugh, if 'you like, yet it is as true as the gos-'pel: but let us come to the point.

'I was sent to the college of Pau, 'with the intention of being brought 'up to the church; but as I had quite 'different views, I made no manner 'of improvement: play was so much 'in my head, that both my tutor and 'the masters lost their Latin in en-'deavouring to teach it me. Old Bri-'non, who served me both as valet-'de-chambre and governor, in vain 'threatened to acquaint my mother. 'I only studied when I pleased, that 'is to say, seldom or never: however, 'I was treated as is customary with 'scholars of my quality; I was raised 'to all the dignities of the class, 'without having deserved them, and 'left college nearly in the same state 'in which I entered it; nevertheless,

'I was thought to have as much know-
'ledge as was requisite for the ab-
'bacy, which my brother had solicited
'for me. He had just married the
'niece of a minister, to whom every
'one cringed: he was desirous to pre-
'sent me to him. I felt but little re-
'gret at quitting the country, and great
'impatience to see Paris. My brother
'having kept me some time with him,
'in order to polish me, let me loose
'upon the town to shake off my rustic
'air, and learn the manners of the
'world. I so thoroughly acquired them,
'that I could not be persuaded to lay
'them aside when I was introduced at
'court in the character of an Abbé.
'You know what kind of dress was
'then in fashion. All that they could
'obtain of me was to put a cassock
'over my other clothes, and my bro-
'ther, ready to die with laughing at

'my ecclesiastical dress, made others 'laugh too. I had the finest head of 'hair in the world, well curled and 'powdered, above my cassock, and 'under were white buskins and gilt 'spurs. The Cardinal, who had a 'quick discernment, could not help 'laughing. This elevation of senti-'ment gave him umbrage; and he 'foresaw what might be expected 'from a genius that already laughed 'at the shaven crown and cowl.

'When my brother had taken me 'home; well, my little parson, said 'he, you have acted your part to ad 'miration, and your party-coloured 'dress of the ecclesiastic and soldier 'has greatly diverted the court; but 'this is not all: you must now choose, 'my little knight. Consider then, 'whether it is not more desirable, by 'sticking to the church, to become

'possessed of great revenues, and 'lead an easy life, than with a small 'patrimony, to risk the loss of a leg 'or an arm, and become the *fructus* '*belli* of an ungrateful court, to arrive 'in your old age at the dignity of a 'Major General, with a glass eye and 'a wooden leg. I know, said I, that 'there is no comparison between these 'two situations, with regard to the 'conveniences of life; but, as a man 'ought to secure his future state in 'preference to all other considerations, 'I am resolved to renounce the church 'for the salvation of my soul, upon 'condition, however, that I keep my 'abbacy. Neither the remonstrances 'nor authority of my brother, could 'induce me to change my resolution; 'and he was forced to agree to this 'last article in order to keep me at the 'academy. You know that I am the 'most adroit man in France, so that I

'soon learned all that is taught at such 'places, and, at the same time, I made 'myself master of that which gives the 'finishing stroke to a young fellow's 'education, and makes him a gentleman, 'viz. all sorts of games, both at cards 'and dice; but the truth is, I thought, 'at first, that I had more skill in them 'than I really had, as experience 'proved. When my mother knew 'the choice I had made, she was in-'consolable, for she believed, that had 'I entered into the church I should 'have been a saint; but now she was 'certain that I should either be a 'devil in the world, or be killed in 'the wars. Indeed I burned with 'impatience to be a soldier; but being 'yet too young, I was forced to make 'a campaign at Bidache before I made 'one in the army. When I returned 'to my mother's house, I had so much

'the air of a courtier, and a man of
'the world, that she began to respect
'me, instead of chiding me for my
'infatuation towards the army. I be-
'came her favourite, and finding me
'inflexible, she only thought of keep-
'ing me with her as long as she could,
'while my little equipage was pre-
'paring. The faithful Brinon, who
'was to attend me as valet-de-cham-
'bre, was likewise to discharge the
'office of governor and equerry, being,
'perhaps, the only gascon who was
'ever possessed of so much gravity
'and ill-temper. He passed his word
'for my good conduct and morals,
'and promised my mother that he
'would give a good account of my
'person in the dangers of the war.
'I trust he will keep his word better
'as to this last article, than he has
'yet done to the former.

'My equipage was sent away a 'week before me. This was so much 'time gained by my mother to give 'me good advice. At length, after 'having solemnly enjoined me to have 'the fear of God before my eyes, and 'to love my neighbour as myself, she 'suffered me to depart, under the pro-'tection of the Lord and the sage 'Brinon. At the second stage we 'quarrelled. He had received four 'hundred louis d'ors for the expenses 'of the campaign: I wished to have 'the keeping of them myself, which 'he strenuously opposed. Thou old 'scoundrel, said I, is the money thine, 'or was it given thee for me? Thou 'supposest I must have a treasurer, and 'receive no money without his order. 'I know not whether it was from a 'presentiment of what afterwards hap-'pened, that he grew melancholy;

'however it was with the greatest re-
'luctance, and most poignant anguish,
'that he found himself obliged to
'yield. One would have thought
'that I had wrested his very soul from
'him. I found myself more light and
'merry after I had eased him of his
'load; he, on the contrary, appeared
'so overwhelmed with grief, that it
'seemed as if I had laid four hun-
'dred pounds of lead upon his back,
'instead of taking away four hun-
'dred louis. He went on so hea-
'vily, that I was forced to whip his
'horse myself, and turning to me,
'now and then, Ah! Sir, said he, my
'Lady did not think it would be so.
'His reflections and sorrows were re-
'newed at every stage; for, instead
'of giving a shilling to the postillion,
'I gave him half-a-crown.

'Having, at last, reached Lyons,

'two soldiers stopped us at the gate 'of the city, to carry us before the 'governor. I took one of them to 'conduct me to the best inn, and de- 'livered Brinon into the hands of the 'other, to acquaint the commandant 'with the particulars of my journey, 'and my future intentions.

'There are as good taverns at 'Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, 'according to custom, carried me to 'a friend of his own, whose house he 'extolled, as having the best accom- 'modations, and the greatest resort 'of good company in the whole city. 'The master of this hotel was as big 'as a hogshead; his name Cerise; a 'Swiss by birth, a poisoner by pro- 'fession, and a thief by custom. He 'shewed me into a tolerably neat room, 'and desired to know, whether I 'chose to sup by myself or at the

'ordinary. I preferred the latter, on 'account of the good company which 'the soldier had boasted of.

'Brinon, who was quite out of 'temper at the many questions which 'the governor had asked him, returned 'more surly than an old ape; and 'seeing that I was dressing my hair, 'in order to go down stairs: What are 'you about now, Sir? said he. Are 'you going to tramp about the town? 'No, no: have we not had tramping 'enough ever since the morning? Eat 'a bit of supper, and go to bed be-'times, that you may get on horse-'back by day-break. Mr. Comptrol-'ler, said I, I shall neither tramp 'about the town, nor eat alone, nor 'go to bed early. I intend to sup 'with the company below. At the 'ordinary! cried he, I beseech you, 'Sir, do not think of it! Devil take

'me, if there be not a dozen brawling
'fellows playing at cards and dice,
'who make noise enough to drown
'the loudest thunder! I was grown
'insolent since I had seized the money;
'and being desirous to shake off the
'yoke of my governor, Do you know,
'Mr. Brinon, said I, that I don't like
'a blockhead to set up for a reasoner;
'do you go to supper, if you please,
'but take care that I have post-horses
'ready before day-break.

'The moment he had mentioned
'cards and dice I felt the money burn
'in my pocket. I was somewhat sur-
'prised, however, to find the room
'where the ordinary was served filled
'with odd-looking creatures. My host,
'after presenting me to the company,
'assured me, that there were but
'eighteen or twenty of those gentle-
'men who would have the honour to

'sup with me. I approached one of
'the tables where they were playing;
'and thought I should have died with
'laughing: I expected to have seen
'good company and deep play; but I
'only met with two Germans playing
'at backgammon. Never did two
'country boobies play like them; but
'their figures beggared all description.
'The fellow near whom I stood, was
'short, thick, and fat, and as round
'as a ball, with a ruff and a prodigious
'high-crowned hat. Any one, at a
'moderate distance, would have taken
'him for the dome of a church, with
'the steeple on the top of it. I in-
'quired of the host, who he was. A
'merchant from Basle, said he, who
'comes hither to sell horses; but from
'the method he pursues, I think he
'will not dispose of many; for he does
'nothing but play. Does he play

'deep? said I. Not now, said he; 'they are only playing for their rec- 'koning, while supper is getting ready; 'but he has no objection to play as 'deep as any one. Has he money? 'said I. As for that, replied the 'treacherous Cerise, would to God 'you had won a thousand pistoles of 'him, and I went your halves; we 'should not be long without our 'money. I wanted no farther en- 'couragement to meditate the ruin of 'the high-crowned hat. I went nearer 'him, in order to take a closer survey; 'never was such a bungler, he made 'blots upon blots; God knows, I be- 'gan to feel some remorse at winning 'of such an ignoramus, who knew so 'little of the game. He lost his rec- 'koning; supper was served up; and 'I desired him to sit next me. It was 'a long table, and there were at least

'five and twenty in company, not-
'withstanding the landlord's promise.
'The most execrable repast that ever
'was served up being finished, the
'crowd insensibly dispersed, except
'the little Swiss, who still kept near
'me, and the landlord, who placed
'himself on the other side of me.
'They both smoked like dragons; and
'the Swiss was continually saying, in
'bad French, I ask your pardon, Sir,
'for my great freedom; at the same
'time blowing such whiffs of tobacco
'in my face as almost suffocated me.
'Mr. Cerise, on the other hand, de-
'sired to take the liberty of asking
'me, whether I had ever been in his
'country? and seemed surprised I had
'so genteel an air, without having tra-
'velled into Switzerland.

'The little chub I had to en-
'counter was full as inquisitive as the

'other. He desired to know whether 'I came from the army in Piedmont; 'and having told him I was going 'thither, he asked me, whether I had 'a mind to buy any horses? that he 'had about two hundred to dispose of, 'and that he would sell them cheap. 'I began to be smoked like a gammon 'of bacon; and being quite wearied 'out, both with their tobacco and 'their questions, I asked my com-'panion, if he would play for a single 'pistole at backgammon, while our 'men were supping; it was not with-'out great ceremony that he consent-'ed, at the same time asking my par-'don for his great freedom.

'I won the game: I gave him his 'revenge, and won again. We then 'played double or quit; I won that 'too, and all in the twinkling of an 'eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered

'himself to be taken in, so that I be-
'gan to bless my stars for my good
'fortune. Brinon came in about the
'end of the third game, to put me to
'bed. He crossed himself with great
'fervour; but paid no attention to the
'signs I made him to retire. I was
'forced to rise to give him that order
'in private. He began to reprimand
'me for disgracing myself by keeping
'company with such a low-bred
'wretch. It was in vain that I told
'him, he was a great merchant, that
'he had a great deal of money, and
'that he played like a child. He a
'merchant! cried Brinon. Do not
'believe that, Sir. May the devil
'take me, if he is not some conjurer.
'Hold your tongue, you old fool, said
'I; he is no more a conjurer than you
'are, and that is decisive; and, to
'prove it to you, I am resolved to

'win four or five hundred pistoles of 'him before I go to bed. With these 'words I turned him out, strictly en- 'joining him not to return, or in any 'manner to disturb us.

'The game being finished, the little 'Swiss unbuttoned his pockets, to pull 'out a new four pistole piece, and 'presenting it to me, he asked my 'pardon for his great freedom, and 'seemed as if he wished to retire. 'This was not what I wanted. I told 'him we only played for amusement; 'that I had no design upon his money; 'and that, if he pleased, I would play 'him a single game for his four pis- 'toles. He raised some objections; 'but consented at last, and won back 'his money. I was piqued at it. I 'played another game; fortune chang- 'ed sides; the dice ran for him, he 'made no more blots. I lost the

'game; another game, and double or
'quit; we doubled the stake, and
'played double or quit again.—I was
'vexed; he, like a true gamester,
'took every bet I offered, and won
'all before him, without my getting
'more than six points in eight or ten
'games. I asked him to play a single
'game for one hundred pistoles; but
'as he saw I did not stake, he told
'me it was late; that he must go and
'look after his horses; and went away,
'still asking my pardon for his great
'freedom. The cool manner of his
'refusal, and the politeness with
'which he took his leave, provoked
'me to such a degree, that I could
'almost have killed him. I was so
'confounded at losing my money so
'fast, even to the last pistole, that I
'did not immediately consider the

'miserable situation to which I was 'reduced.

'I durst not go up to my cham-'ber for fear of Brinon. Luckily 'however, being tired with waiting 'for me, he had gone to bed. This 'was some consolation, though but 'of short continuance. As soon as I 'was laid down, all the fatal conse-'quences of my adventure presented 'themselves to my imagination. I 'could not sleep. I saw all the hor-'rors of my misfortune, without being 'able to find any remedy; in vain did 'I rack my brain; it supplied me with 'no expedient. I dreaded nothing so 'much as day-break: however, it did 'come, and the cruel Brinon along 'with it. He was booted up to the 'middle, and cracking a cursed whip, 'which he held in his hand: Up,

'Monsieur le Chevalier, cried he, 'opening the curtains, the horses are 'at the door, and you are still asleep. 'We ought by this time to have rid 'two stages; give me money to pay 'the reckoning. Brinon, said I, in a 'dejected tone, draw the curtains. 'What! cried he, draw the curtains! 'Do you intend then to make your 'campaign at Lyons? you seem to have 'taken a wonderful liking to the place. 'And for the great merchant, you have 'stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Mon-'sieur le Chevalier, this money will 'never do you any good. This wretch 'has, perhaps, a family; and it is his 'children's bread that he has been 'playing with, and that you have won. 'Was this an object to sit up all night 'for? What would my lady say, if she 'knew what a life you lead? Mr. Bri-'non, said I, pray draw the curtains.

'But instead of obeying me, one would 'have thought that the devil had 'prompted him to say the most point-'ed and galling things to a person un-'der such misfortune. And how much 'have you won? said he: five hundred 'pistoles? what will the poor man 'do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, 'what I have said: this money will 'never thrive with you. It is, per-'haps, but four hundred? three? two? 'Well, if it be but one hundred louis 'd'ors, continued he, seeing that I 'shook my head at every sum which 'he had named, there is no great mis-'chief done; one hundred pistoles will 'not ruin him, provided you have 'won them fairly. Friend Brinon, 'said I, fetching a deep sigh, draw 'the curtains; I am unworthy to see 'day-light. Brinon was much affected 'at these melancholy words: but I

'thought he would have fainted, when
'I told him the whole adventure. He
'tore his hair, made grievous lamenta-
'tions, the burden of which still was,
'what will my lady say? And, after
'having exhausted his unprofitable
'complaints, what will become of you
'now, Monsieur le Chevalier, said he?
'what do you intend to do? Nothing,
'said I, for I am fit for nothing. Af-
'ter this, being somewhat eased after
'making him my confession, I thought
'upon several projects, to none of
'which could I gain his approbation.
'I would have had him post after my
'equipage, to have sold some of my
'clothes. I was for proposing to the
'horse-dealer, to buy some horses of
'him at a high price on credit, to sell
'again cheap. Brinon laughed at all
'these schemes, and after having had
'the cruelty of keeping me upon the

'rack for a long time, he at last ex-
'tricated me. Parents are always
'stingy towards their poor children;
'my mother intended to have given
'me five hundred louis d'ors, but she
'had kept back fifty, as well for some
'little repairs in the abbey, as to pay
'for praying for me. Brinon had the
'charge of the other fifty, with strict
'injunctions not to speak of them,
'unless upon some urgent necessity.—
'And this, you see, soon happened.

'Thus you have a brief account of
'my first adventure. Play has hitherto
'favoured me; for, since my arrival,
'I have had, at one time, after paying
'all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis
'd'ors. Fortune is now again become
'unfavourable; we must mend her.
'Our cash runs low; we must, there-
'fore, endeavour to recruit.'

Nothing is more easy, said Matta;

it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it.

Your raillery would be very seasonable, said the Chevalier, if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as you do now. What the devil! must you always be bantering, without considering what a critical situation we are reduced to. Mind what I say, I will go to-morrow to the head quarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper. Where? said Matta. Here, said the

Chevalier. You are mad, my poor friend, replied Matta. This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and, to re-establish our circumstances, you intend to give a supper.

Stupid fellow! said the Chevalier, is it possible, that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I; we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with; I will bespeak a splendid supper, he shall pay for it. Send your maître d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no further, except in some precautions, which it is necessary to take on such an occasion. What are they? said Matta. I will tell you, said the Che-

valier; for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noon-day.

You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men under the command of your serjeant La Place, to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground, between this place and the head quarters. What the devil! cried Matta, an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have no share in it. Poor fellow! said the Chevalier, the matter is this: it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold

your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences may be? for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment.

Embrace me, my dear Chevalier, said Matta, holding his sides and laughing, embrace me, for thou art an incomparable fellow. What a fool was I to think, when you talked to me of taking precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice. I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot: I

must, indeed, confess that you are already a great soldier.

The next day every thing happened as the Chevalier de Grammont had planned it: the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible: Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few scruples, which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Grammont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran eat like a man, whose affections were divided between good cheer and the love of play; that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, that he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinze.

Supper being finished, the serjeant

La Place posted his ambuscade, and the Chevalier de Grammont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise, and the high-crowned hat, were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse, and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy chair, in order to fall asleep, while the Chevalier was stripping the poor count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became more serious. He continued to lose, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta.

As his head was heavy with sleep,

and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese, instead of consoling him. Faith, my poor Count, said he, if I was in your place, I would play no more. Why so? said the other. I don't know, said he, but something tells me that your ill-luck will continue. I will try that, said Cameran, calling for fresh cards. We shall see, said Matta, and fell asleep again: it was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it. Again he stormed. Did not I tell you so? said Matta, starting out of his sleep. All your storming is in vain; as long as you play, you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the

best. Leave off, for the devil take me, if it is possible for you to win. Why? said Cameran, who began to be impatient. Do you wish to know? said Matta; Why, faith, it is, because we are cheating you.

The Chevalier de Grammont, provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth; Mr. Matta, said he, do you think it can be very agreeable for a man, who plays with such ill-luck as the Count, to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game, that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser. Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester, than such a threat; and the Count, in a softened tone, told the Chevalier, that Mr. Matta might say what he pleased,

if it did not offend him; that, as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Grammont gave the Count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons; for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly, that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience, not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated, without informing him of it; besides, said he, it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief.

This adventure having recruited

their finances, fortune favoured them during the remainder of the campaign, and the Chevalier de Grammont, to prove that he had only seized upon the Count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make that use of his money, that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them; officers, who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers, who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence: but his manner of conferring a favour exceeded even the favour itself.

A man, possessed of such amiable qualities as these, must meet with success in all his undertakings. The soldiers knew his person, and adored him.

MARECHAL DE TURENNE.

From a French Print.

Pub. July. 1. 1808. by John White. Fleet St. & John Scott Strand.

The generals were sure to meet him in every scene of action, and sought his company at other times. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go his halves in all parties where the odds were in his favour.

An inexhaustible fund of vivacity and good-humour gave a certain air of novelty to whatever he either said or did. I know not on what occasion it was that Monsieur de Turenne, towards the end of the siege, commanded a separate body. The Chevalier de Grammont went to visit him at his new quarters, where he found fifteen or twenty officers. M. de Turenne was naturally fond of merriment, and the Chevalier's presence was sure to inspire it. He was much pleased with this visit, and, by way of acknow-

ledgment, would have engaged him to play. The Chevalier de Grammont, in returning him thanks, said, that he had learned from his tutor, that when a man went to see his friends, it was neither prudent to leave his own money behind him, nor civil to carry off theirs. Truly, said Monsieur de Turenne, you will find neither deep play, nor much money among us; but, that it may not be said that we suffered you to depart without playing, let us each take a horse.

The Chevalier de Grammont agreed. Fortune, who had followed him to a place where he did not think he should have any need of her, made him win fifteen or sixteen horses, by way of joke; but, seeing some countenances disconcerted at the loss, Gentlemen, said he, I should be sorry to see you return on foot from your general's

quarters, it will be enough for me if you send me your horses to-morrow, except one, which I give for the cards.

The valet-de-chambre thought he was bantering. I speak seriously, said the Chevalier, I give you a horse for the cards; and what is more, take whichever you please, except my own. Truly, said Monsieur de Turenne, I am vastly pleased with the novelty of the thing; for I don't believe that a horse was ever before given for the cards.

Trino surrendered at last. The Baron de Batteville, who had defended it valiantly, and for a long time, obtained a capitulation worthy of such a resistance. I do not know whether the Chevalier de Grammont had any share in the capture of this place, but

I know very well, that during a more glorious reign, and with armies ever victorious, his intrepidity and address have been the cause of taking others since, even under the eye of his master, as we shall see in the sequel of these memoirs.

CHAPTER IV.

MILITARY glory constitutes at most but a half of the accomplishments which distinguish heroes. Love must give the finishing stroke, and adorn their character by the difficulties they encounter, the temerity of their enterprizes, and finally, by the lustre of success. We have examples of this, not only in romances, but also in the genuine histories of the most famous warriors, and the most celebrated conquerors.

The Chevalier de Grammont and Matta, who did not think much of these examples, were, however, of opinion, that it would be very agreeable to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the siege of Trino, by

forming some other sieges, at the expense of the beauties and the husbands of Turin. As the campaign had finished early, they thought they should have time to perform some exploits, before the bad weather obliged them to repass the mountains.

They sallied forth, therefore, not unlike Amadis de Gaul, or Don Galaor, after they had been dubbed knights, eager in their search after adventures in love, war, and enchantments. They were greatly superior to those two brothers, who only knew how to cleave in twain giants, to break lances, and to carry off fair damsels behind them on horseback, without saying a single word to them; whereas our heroes were adepts at gallantry and dress, of which the others were totally ignorant.

They went to Turin, met with an

agreeable reception, and were greatly distinguished at court. Could it be otherwise? They were young and handsome, they had wit at command, and spent their money freely. In what country will not a man succeed, possessing such advantages? As Turin was, at that time, the seat of gallantry and of love, two strangers of this description, who were always cheerful, brisk, and lively, could not fail to please the ladies of the court.

Though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not, however, possessed of the art of pleasing. They treated their wives with respect, and were courteous to strangers. Their wives, still more handsome, were full as courteous to strangers, and less respectful to their husbands.

They went to Turin, met with an

Madame Royale, a worthy daughter of Henry IV. rendered her little court the most agreeable in the world. She inherited such of her father's virtues, as compose the proper ornament of her sex: and with regard to what are termed the foibles of great souls, her Highness had in no wise degenerated.

The Count de Tanes was her prime minister. It was not difficult to conduct affairs of state during his administration. No complaints were alledged against him; and the Princess, satisfied with his conduct herself, was, above all, glad to have her choice approved by her whole court, where people lived nearly according to the manners and customs of ancient chivalry.

The ladies had each a professed lover, for fashion's sake, besides vo-

MADAME ROYALE.

DAUGHTER of HENRY IV.th of FRANCE.

Pub. July. 1. 1808. by John White Fleet St. & John Scott. 442. Strand.

lunteers, whose number was unlimited. The declared admirers wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms, and sometimes even took their names. Their office was, never to quit them in public, and never to approach them in private; to be their squires upon all occasions, and, in justs and tournaments, to adorn their lances, their housings, and their coats, with the cyphers and the colours of their dulcineas.

Matta was far from being averse to gallantry; but would have liked it more simple than as it was practised at Turin. The ordinary forms would not have disgusted him; but he found here a sort of superstition in the ceremonies and worship of love, which he thought very inconsistent: however, as he had submitted his conduct in that matter to the direction of the Cheva-

lier de Grammont, he was obliged to follow his example, and to conform to the customs of the country.

They enlisted themselves at the same time in the service of two beauties, whose former squires gave them up immediately, from motives of politeness. The Chevalier de Grammont chose Mademoiselle de Saint Germain, and told Matta to offer his services to Madame de Senantes. Matta consented, though he liked the other better; but the Chevalier de Grammont persuaded him, that Madame de Senantes was more suitable for him. As he had reaped advantage from the Chevalier's talents in the first projects they had formed, he resolved to follow his instructions in love, as he had done his advice in play.

Mademoiselle de Saint Germain was in the bloom of youth; her eyes were

small, but very bright and sparkling; and like her hair were black; her complexion was lively and clear, though not fair: she had an agreeable mouth, two fine rows of teeth, a neck as handsome as one could wish, and a most delightful shape; she had a particular elegance in her elbows, which however she did not shew to advantage; her hands were rather large and not very white; her feet, though not the smallest, were well shaped. She trusted to Providence, and used no art to set off those graces which she had received from nature; but notwithstanding her negligence in the embellishment of her charms, there was something so lively in her person, that the Chevalier de Grammont was caught at first sight: her wit and humour corresponded with her other qualities, being quite easy

and perfectly charming; she was all mirth, all life, all complaisance and politeness, and all was natural, and always the same without any variation.

The Marchioness de Senantes was esteemed fair, and she might have enjoyed, if she had pleased, the reputation of having red hair, had she not rather chosen to conform to the taste of the age in which she lived, than to follow that of the ancients: she had all the advantages of red hair without any of the inconveniences; a constant attention to her person served as a corrective to the natural defects of her complexion. After all, what does it signify, whether cleanliness be owing to nature or to art? it argues an invidious temper, to be very inquisitive about it. She had a great deal of wit, a good memory, more reading, and a

still greater inclination towards tenderness.

She had a husband, whom it would have been criminal even in chastity to spare. He piqued himself upon being a Stoic, and gloried in being slovenly and disgusting in honor of his profession. In this he succeeded to admiration; for he was very fat, so that he perspired almost as much in winter as in summer. Erudition and brutality seemed to be the most conspicuous features of his character, and were displayed in his conversation, sometimes together, sometimes alternately, but always disagreeably: he was not jealous, and yet he was troublesome; he was very well pleased to see attentions paid to his wife, provided more were paid to him.

As soon as our adventurers had declared themselves, the Chevalier de

forming some other sieges, at the expense of the beauties and the husbands of Turin. As the campaign had finished early, they thought they should have time to perform some exploits, before the bad weather obliged them to repass the mountains.

They sallied forth, therefore, not unlike Amadis de Gaul, or Don Galaor, after they had been dubbed knights, eager in their search after adventures in love, war, and enchantments. They were greatly superior to those two brothers, who only knew how to cleave in twain giants, to break lances, and to carry off fair damsels behind them on horseback, without saying a single word to them; whereas our heroes were adepts at sighs and dittos, of which the others were totally ignorant.

They went to Turin, met with an

agreeable reception, and were greatly distinguished at court. Could it be otherwise? They were young and handsome, they had wit at command, and spent their money freely. In what country will not a man succeed, possessing such advantages? As Turin was, at that time, the seat of gallantry and of love, two strangers of this description, who were always cheerful, brisk, and lively, could not fail to please the ladies of the court.

Though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not, however, possessed of the art of pleasing. They treated their wives with respect, and were courteous to strangers. Their wives, still more handsome, were full as courteous to strangers, and less respectful to their husbands.

Madame Royale, a worthy daughter of Henry IV. rendered her little court the most agreeable in the world. She inherited such of her father's virtues, as compose the proper ornament of her sex: and with regard to what are termed the foibles of great souls, her Highness had in no wise degenerated.

The Count de Tanes was her prime minister. It was not difficult to conduct affairs of state during his administration. No complaints were alledged against him; and the Princess, satisfied with his conduct herself, was, above all, glad to have her choice approved by her whole court, where people lived nearly according to the manners and customs of ancient chivalry.

The ladies had each a professed lover, for fashion's sake, besides vo-

Bocquet Sc.

MADAME ROYALE,

DAUGHTER OF HENRY IV.th OF FRANCE.

Pub July. 1. 1808. by John White Fleet St. & John Scott. 442. Strand.

lunteers, whose number was unlimited. The declared admirers wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms, and sometimes even took their names. Their office was, never to quit them in public, and never to approach them in private; to be their squires upon all occasions, and, in justs and tournaments, to adorn their lances, their housings, and their coats, with the cyphers and the colours of their dulcineas.

Matta was far from being averse to gallantry; but would have liked it more simple than as it was practised at Turin. The ordinary forms would not have disgusted him; but he found here a sort of superstition in the ceremonies and worship of love, which he thought very inconsistent: however, as he had submitted his conduct in that matter to the direction of the Cheva-

lier de Grammont, he was obliged to follow his example, and to conform to the customs of the country.

They enlisted themselves at the same time in the service of two beauties, whose former squires gave them up immediately, from motives of politeness. The Chevalier de Grammont chose Mademoiselle de Saint Germain, and told Matta to offer his services to Madame de Senantes. Matta consented, though he liked the other better; but the Chevalier de Grammont persuaded him, that Madame de Senantes was more suitable for him. As he had reaped advantage from the Chevalier's talents in the first projects they had formed, he resolved to follow his instructions in love, as he had done his advice in play.

Mademoiselle de Saint Germain was in the bloom of youth; her eyes were

small, but very bright and sparkling; and like her hair were black; her complexion was lively and clear, though not fair: she had an agreeable mouth, two fine rows of teeth, a neck as handsome as one could wish, and a most delightful shape; she had a particular elegance in her elbows, which however she did not shew to advantage; her hands were rather large and not very white; her feet, though not the smallest, were well shaped. She trusted to Providence, and used no art to set off those graces which she had received from nature; but notwithstanding her negligence in the embellishment of her charms, there was something so lively in her person, that the Chevalier de Grammont was caught at first sight: her wit and humour corresponded with her other qualities, being quite easy

and perfectly charming; she was all mirth, all life, all complaisance and politeness, and all was natural, and always the same without any variation.

The Marchioness de Senantes was esteemed fair, and she might have enjoyed, if she had pleased, the reputation of having red hair, had she not rather chosen to conform to the taste of the age in which she lived, than to follow that of the ancients: she had all the advantages of red hair without any of the inconveniences; a constant attention to her person served as a corrective to the natural defects of her complexion. After all, what does it signify, whether cleanliness be owing to nature or to art? it argues an invidious temper, to be very inquisitive about it. She had a great deal of wit, a good memory, more reading, and a

still greater inclination towards tenderness.

She had a husband, whom it would have been criminal even in chastity to spare. He piqued himself upon being a Stoic, and gloried in being slovenly and disgusting in honor of his profession. In this he succeeded to admiration; for he was very fat, so that he perspired almost as much in winter as in summer. Erudition and brutality seemed to be the most conspicuous features of his character, and were displayed in his conversation, sometimes together, sometimes alternately, but always disagreeably: he was not jealous, and yet he was troublesome; he was very well pleased to see attentions paid to his wife, provided more were paid to him.

As soon as our adventurers had declared themselves, the Chevalier de

Grammont arrayed himself in green habiliments, and dressed Matta in blue, these being the favourite colours of their new mistresses. They entered immediately upon duty: the Chevalier learned and practised all the ceremonies of this species of gallantry, as if he always had been accustomed to them; but Matta commonly forgot one half, and was not over perfect in practising the other. He never could remember, that his office was to promote the glory, and not the interest, of his mistress.

The Duchess of Savoy gave the very next day an entertainment at la Venerie, where all the ladies were invited. The Chevalier was so agreeable and diverting, that he made his mistress almost die with laughing. Matta, in leading his lady to her coach, squeezed her hand, and at their return

from the promenade he intreated her to take pity on his sufferings. This was proceeding rather too precipitately, and although Madame de Senantes was not destitute of the natural compassion of her sex; she nevertheless was shocked at the familiarity of this treatment. She thought it necessary, in consequence to shew some degree of resentment, and pulling away her hand, which he had pressed with still greater fervency upon this declaration, she went up to the royal apartments without even looking at her new lover. Matta never thinking that he had offended her, suffered her to go, and went in search of some company to sup with him: nothing was more easy for a man of his disposition; he soon found what he wanted, sat a long time at table to refresh himself after the fatigues of love, and went to bed,

completely satisfied that he had performed his part to perfection.

During all this time the Chevalier de Grammont acquitted himself towards Mademoiselle de Saint Germain with universal applause; and without remitting his assiduities to her, he found means to shine, as they went along, in the relation of a thousand entertaining anecdotes, which he introduced in the general conversation. Her Royal Highness listened to him with pleasure, and even the deserted Senantes appeared to attend to him. He perceived this, and quitted his mistress to enquire what she had done with Matta. I! said she, I have done nothing with him; but, I don't know what he would not have done with me, if I had been obliging enough to listen to his most humble solicitations; she then told him in what manner his friend had

treated her the very second day of their acquaintance.

The Chevalier could not forbear laughing at it: he told her Matta was rather too unceremonious, but yet she would like him better as their intimacy improved, and for her consolation he assured her, that he would have spoken in the same manner to her Royal Highness herself; however, he promised to give him a severe reprimand. He went the next morning into his room for that purpose; but Matta had gone out early in the morning on a shooting party, in which he had been engaged by his compa nions of the preceding evening. At his return he took a brace of partridges and went to his mistress. Being asked whether he wished to see the Marquis, he said no: and the Swiss telling him his lady was not at home,

he left his partridges, and desired him to present them to his mistress from him.

The Marchioness was at her toilet, and was decorating her head with all the grace she could devise to captivate Matta, at the moment he was denied admittance: she knew nothing of the matter; but her husband was at the bottom of it. He had taken it in dudgeon, that the first visit was not paid to him, and as he was resolved that it should not be paid to his wife, the Swiss had received his orders, and had almost been beaten for receiving the present which had been left. The partridges however were immediately sent back; and Matta, without inquiring into the cause, was glad to have them again. He went to court without ever changing his clothes, or in the least considering he ought not to appear there

without his mistress's colours. He found her becomingly dressed; her eyes appeared to him more than usually sparkling, and her whole person altogether divine. He began immediately to be much pleased with himself for his complaisance to the Chevalier de Grammont; however he could not help remarking that she looked but coldly upon him. This appeared to him a very extraordinary return for his services, and, imagining that she was unmindful of her weighty obligations to him, he entered into conversation with her, and severely reprimanded her for having sent back his partridges with so much indifference.

She did not understand what he meant; and highly offended that he did not apologize to her for his conduct after the reprimand which she concluded he had received, told him, that

he certainly had met with ladies of very complying dispositions in his travels, as he seemed to give himself airs that she was by no means accustomed to endure. Matta desired to know, wherein he could be said to have given himself any. 'Wherein?' said she: 'the 'second day that you honoured me 'with your attentions, you treated me 'as if I had been your humble ser- 'vant for a thousand years: the first 'time that I gave you my hand, you 'squeezed it as violently as you were 'able. After this commencement of 'your courtship, I got into my carriage, 'and you mounted your horse; but, 'instead of riding by the side of it, as 'any reasonable gallant would have 'done, no sooner did a hare start from 'her form, than you immediately gal- 'lopped full speed after her. Having 'regaled yourself, during the prome-

'nade, by taking snuff, without ever
'deigning to bestow a thought on me,
'the only proof you gave me, on your
'return, that you recollected me, was
'to solicit me to surrender my repu-
'tation, in terms polite enough, but
'very explicit. And now you talk to
'me of having been shooting of par-
'tridges, and of some visit or other,
'of which, I suppose, you have been
'dreaming as well as of all the rest.'

The Chevalier de Grammont now advanced, to the interruption of this whimsical dialogue. Matta was rebuked for his forwardness, and his friend took abundant pains to convince him, that his conduct bordered more upon insolence than familiarity. Matta endeavoured to exculpate himself, but with a very bad grace. His mistress, however, took compassion upon him, consented to admit his excuses for the

manner, rather than his repentance for the fact, and declared, that it was the intention alone, which could either justify or condemn, in such cases; that it was very easy to pardon those transgressions which arise from excess of tenderness, but not such as proceeded from too great a presumption of success. Matta swore, that he only squeezed her hand from the violence of his passion, and that he had been driven, by necessity, to ask her to relieve it; that he was yet a novice in the arts of solicitation; that he could not possibly think her more worthy of his affection, after a month's service, than at the present moment; and he intreated her to bestow an occasional thought upon him when her leisure admitted. The Marchioness was not offended: she saw very well, that she must not require an implicit conformity

to the established rules of gallantry, when she had to deal with such a character; and the Chevalier de Grammont, after this sort of reconciliation, went to look after his own affair with Mademoiselle de St. Germain.

His interference upon this occasion was not the offspring of mere good nature, nay, it was the reverse; for no sooner did he perceive, that the Marchioness looked with an eye of favour upon him, than, thinking this conquest more easy than the other, he thought it was prudent to take advantage of it, for fear of losing the opportunity, and that he might not spend all his time to no purpose, in case he should prove unsuccessful with the little Saint Germain.

Notwithstanding, in order to maintain the authority which he had usurped over the conduct of his friend, he,

that very evening, reprimanded him for presuming to appear at court in his morning dress, and without his mistress's badge; for not having had the sense or prudence to pay his first visit to the Marquis de Senantes, instead of consuming his time to no purpose, in enquiries for the lady; and, to conclude, he asked him, what the devil he meant by presenting her with a brace of miserable red partridges. 'And why not?' said Matta: 'ought 'they to have been blue too, to match 'the cockade and sword-knots you 'made me wear the other day? Plague 'not me with your nonsensical whim-'sies: my life on it, in one fortnight 'your equal in foppery and folly will 'not be found within the confines of 'Turin. However, to reply to your 'questions, I did not call upon Mon-'sieur de Senantes, because I had no-

'thing to do with him, and because 'he is of a species of animals which I 'detest, and always shall. As for you, 'you appear quite charmed with being 'decked out in green ribbands, with 'writing *billets doux* to your mistress, 'and filling your pockets with citrons, 'pistachios, and such sort of stuff, with 'which you are always cramming the 'poor girl's mouth, in spite of her 'teeth: you hope to succeed by chant-'ing ditties, composed in the days of 'Corrisande and of Henry IV. which 'you will swear you have composed 'in her praise: happy in practising the 'ceremonials of gallantry, you have 'no ambition for the essentials. Very 'well: every one has a particular way 'of acting, as well as a particular taste; 'your's is to trifle in love; and, pro-'vided you can make Mademoiselle de 'St. Germain laugh, you are satisfied:

'as for my part, I am persuaded, that 'women here are made of the same ma- 'terials as in other places, and I do not 'think that they can be mightily of- 'fended, if one sometimes leaves off 'trifling, to come to the point. How- 'ever, if the Marchioness is not of this 'way of thinking, she may e'en provide 'herself elsewhere; for I can assure her, 'that I shall not long act the part of 'her squire.'

This was an unnecessary menace; for the Marchioness in reality liked him very well, was nearly of the same way of thinking herself, and wished for nothing more than to put his gallantry to the test; but Matta proceeded upon a wrong plan: he had conceived such an aversion for her husband, that he could not prevail upon himself to make the smallest advance towards his good graces. He was given

to understand, that he ought to begin by endeavouring to lull the dragon to sleep, before he could gain possession of the treasure; but this was all to no purpose, though, at the same time, he could never see his mistress but in public. This made him impatient, and lamenting his ill-fortune to her one day: 'Have the goodness, madam,' said he, 'to let me know where you 'live: not a day passes that I do not 'call upon you, at least, three or four 'times, without ever being blessed 'with a sight of you.' 'I generally 'sleep at home,' replied she, laughing; 'but I must tell you, that you will 'never find me there, if you do not 'first pay a visit to the Marquis: I am 'not mistress of the house. I do not 'tell you, that he is a man, whose 'acquaintance any one would very im-'patiently covet for his agreeable qua-

'lities: on the contrary, I agree that 'his humour is fantastical, and his 'manners not of the most pleasing 'cast; but there is nothing so savage 'and uncouth, which a little care, at-'tention, and complaisance, may not 'tame into docility. I must repeat to 'you some verses upon the subject: I 'have got them by heart, because they 'contain a little advice, which you 'may accommodate, if you please, to 'your own case.'

RONDEAU.

KEEP in mind these maxims rare,
You who hope to win the fair;
Who are, or would esteemed be,
The quintessence of gallantry.

That fopp'ry, grinning, and grimace,
And fertile store of common-place;
That oaths as false as dicers swear,
And iv'ry teeth, and scented hair;

That trinkets, and the pride of dress,
Can only give your scheme success,
Keep in mind.

Has thy charmer e'er an aunt!
Then learn the rules of woman's cant,
And forge a tale, and swear you read it,
Such as, save woman, none would credit:
Win o'er her confidante and pages,
By gold, for this a golden age is;
And should it be her wayward fate,
To be incumbered with a mate,
A dull, old dotard should he be,
That dullness claims thy courtesy,
Keep in mind.

'Truly,' said Matta, 'the song may 'say what it pleases, but I cannot put 'it in practice: your husband is far too 'exquisite a monster for me. Why, 'what a plaguy odd ceremony do you 'require of us in this country, if we 'cannot pay our compliments to the 'wife without being in love with the 'husband.

The Marchioness was much offended at this answer; and as she thought she had done enough in pointing out to him the path which would conduct him to success, if he had been worthy of it, she did not think it worth while to enter into any farther explanation; since he refused to wave, for her sake, so trifling an objection: from that instant she resolved to have done with him.

The Chevalier de Grammont had taken leave of his mistress nearly at the same time: the ardour of his pursuit was extinguished. It was not that Mademoiselle de Saint Germain was less worthy than hitherto of his attentions: on the contrary, her attractions visibly increased: she retired to her pillow with a thousand charms, and ever rose from it with additional beauty: the phrase of increasing in

beauty as she increased in years, seemed to have been purposely made for her. The Chevalier could not deny these truths, but yet he could not find his account in them: a little less merit, with a little less discretion, would have been more agreeable. He perceived that she listened to him with pleasure, that she was diverted with his stories as much as he could wish, and that she received his billets and presents without scruple; but at the same time he discovered that she did not wish to proceed any farther. He had exhausted every species of address upon her to no purpose: her attendant was bribed; her family, fascinated with the magic of his conversation, and his great attention, were never happy without him; in short, he had reduced to practice every tittle of the advice contained in the Marchioness's song, and every thing

conspired to deliver the little Saint Germain into his hands, if the little Saint Germain had herself been willing; but alas! she was not inclined. It was in vain, he told her that the favour he desired would cost her nothing; and that as the treasures, the possession of which he so eagerly coveted, were rarely comprised in the fortune a lady brings with her in marriage, she would never find any person, who, by unremitting tenderness, unwearied attachment, and inviolable secrecy, would prove more worthy of them than himself. In vain did he tell her, that no husband was ever able to convey a proper idea of the sweets of love, and that nothing could be more different than the passionate fondness of a lover, always tender, always affectionate, yet always respectful, and the careless indifference of a husband. Mademoiselle de Saint Germain,

not wishing to take the matter in a serious light, that she might not be forced to resent it, answered, that as it was generally the custom in her country to marry, she thought it was right to conform to it, without entering into the knowledge of those distinctions, and those marvellous particulars which she did not very well understand, and of which she did not wish to have any further explanation; that she had submitted to listen to him this one time, but desired he would never speak to her again in the same strain, since such sort of conversation was neither entertaining to her, nor could be serviceable to him.

Though no one was ever more facetious than Mademoiselle de Saint Germain, she yet knew how to assume a very serious air, whenever occasion required it. The Chevalier de Gram-

mont soon saw that she was in earnest; and finding it would cost him a great deal of time to effect a change in her sentiments, he was so far cooled in this pursuit, that he only made use of it to conceal the designs he had upon the Marchioness de Senantes.

He found this lady much disgusted with Matta, whose want of complaisance and seeming contempt for her, had erased every favourable impression which she had once entertained for him. While she was in this humour, the Chevalier told her, that her resentment was just; he exaggerated the loss which his friend had sustained; he told her that her charms were a thousand times superior to those of the little Saint Germain, and requested that favour for himself which his friend had shewn himself unworthy of. He was soon favourably heard upon this topic; and

as soon as they were agreed, they consulted upon the measures necessary to be taken, by the one to deceive her husband, and by the other to outwit his friend, neither of which was very difficult: Matta was not at all suspicious; and the stupid Senantes, towards whom the Chevalier had already behaved, as Matta had refused to do, could not be happy without him. This however was rather more than the Chevalier wanted; for as soon as ever he was with the Marchioness, her husband immediately joined them out of politeness; and on no account would have left them alone together, for fear they should grow weary of each other without him.

Matta, who all this time was perfectly unconscious of his disgrace, continued to serve his mistress in his own way: she had agreed with the Chevalier de Grammont, that to all appearance every thing should be car-

ried on as before, that the court might still believe, that the Marchioness only thought of Matta, and that the Chevalier was entirely devoted to Mademoiselle de Saint Germain.

There were very frequently little lotteries of trinkets: the Chevalier de Grammont always tried his fortune, and was sometimes fortunate; and under pretence of the prizes he had won, he bought a thousand things which he indiscreetly gave to the Marchioness, and which she still more indiscreetly accepted: the little Saint Germain very seldom received any thing. There are meddling whisperers every where: remarks were made upon these proceedings; and the same person that made them, communicated them likewise to Mademoiselle de Saint Germain. She pretended to laugh, but in reality was piqued. It is

a maxim religiously observed by the fair sex, to envy each other those indulgences which themselves refuse. She took this very ill of the Marchioness. On the other hand, Matta was asked, if he was not old enough to make his own presents himself to the Marchioness de Senantes, without sending them by the Chevalier de Grammont. This roused him; for, of himself, he would never have perceived it: his suspicions, however, were but slight, and he was willing to have them removed. 'I must confess,' said he to the Chevalier de Grammont, 'that they make love here quite in a 'new style: a man serves here without 'reward: he addresses himself to the 'husband when he is in love with the 'wife, and makes presents to another 'man's mistress, to get into the good 'graces of his own.' The Marchioness

'is much obliged to you for'——'It is 'you who are obliged, replied the Che- 'valier, since this was done on your 'account: I was ashamed to find you 'had never yet thought of presenting 'her with any trifling token of your 'regard: Do you know that the peo- 'ple of this court have such extraordi- 'nary notions, as to think that it is 'rather owing to inadvertency that you 'never yet have had the spirit to make 'your mistress the smallest present? 'For shame! how ridiculous it is, that 'you can never think for yourself.

Matta took this rebuke, without making any answer, being persuaded that he had in some measure deserved it: besides, he was neither sufficiently jealous, nor sufficiently amorous, to think any more of it; however, as it was necessary for the Chevalier's purposes, that Matta should be acquainted

with the Marquis de Senantes, he plagued him so much about it, that at last he complied. His friend introduced him, and his mistress seemed pleased with this proof of complaisance, though she was resolved that he should gain nothing by it; and the husband, being gratified with a piece of civility which he had long expected, determined, that very evening, to give them a supper at a little country seat of his, on the banks of the river, very near the city.

The Chevalier de Grammont answering for them both, accepted the offer; and as this was the only one Matta would not have refused from the Marquis, he likewise consented. The Marquis came to convey them in his carriage at the hour appointed; but he found only Matta. The Chevalier had engaged himself to play, on purpose

that they might go without him: Matta was for waiting for him, so great was his fear of being left alone with the Marquis; but the Chevalier having sent to desire them to go on before, and that he would be with them as soon as he had finished his game, poor Matta was obliged to set out with the man, who, of all the world, was most offensive to him. It was not the Chevalier's intention to extricate him very quickly out of this embarrassment: he no sooner knew that they were gone, than he waited on the Marchioness, under pretence of still finding her husband, that they might all go together to supper.

The plot was in a fair way; and as the Marchioness was of opinion that Matta's indifference merited no better treatment from her, she made no scruple of acting her part in it: she

therefore waited for the Chevalier de Grammont with intentions so much the more favourable, as she had for a long time expected him, and had some curiosity to receive a visit from him in the absence of her husband. We may therefore suppose that this first opportunity would not have been lost, if Mademoiselle de Saint Germain had not unexpectedly come in, almost at the same time with the Chevalier.

She was more handsome and more entertaining that day, than she had ever been before; however, she appeared to them both very ugly, and very tiresome: she soon perceived that her company was disagreeable, and being determined that they should not be out of humour with her for nothing, after having passed above a long half hour in diverting herself with their uneasiness, and in playing a thousand

monkey tricks, which she plainly saw could never be more unseasonable, she pulled off her hood, scarf, and all that part of her dress which ladies lay aside, when in a familiar manner they intend to pass the day any where. The Chevalier de Grammont cursed her in his heart, while she continued to torment him for being in such ill-humour in such good company: at last the Marchioness, who was as much vexed as he was, said rather drily, that she was obliged to wait on her Royal Highness: Mademoiselle de Saint Germain told her, that she would have the honour to accompany her, if it would not be disagreeable: she took not the smallest notice of her offer; and the Chevalier, finding that it would be entirely useless to prolong his visit at that time, retired with a good grace.

As soon as he had left the house, he sent one of his scouts to desire the Marquis to sit down to table with his company without waiting for him, because the game might not perhaps be finished so soon as he expected, but that he would be with him before supper was over. Having dispatched this messenger, he placed a centinel at the Marchioness's door, in hopes that the tedious Saint Germain might go out before her; but this was in vain, for his spy came and told him, after an hour's impatience and suspense, that they were gone out together. Finding there was no chance of seeing her again that day, every thing falling out so contrary to his wishes: he was forced in consequence to leave the Marchioness, and go in quest of her husband.

While these things were going on

in the city, Matta was not much better diverted in the country: as he was prejudiced against the Marquis, all that he said displeased him: he cursed the Chevalier heartily for the tête-à-tête which he had procured him; and he was upon the point of going away, when he found that he was to sit down to supper without any other company.

However, as his host was very choice in his entertainments, and had the best wine, and the best cook in all Piedmont, the sight of the first course appeased him; and eating most voraciously, without paying any attention to the Marquis, he flattered himself that the supper would end without any dispute; but he was mistaken.

When the Chevalier de Grammont first endeavoured to bring about an intercourse between the Marquis and

Matta, he had given a very advantageous character of the latter, to make the former more desirous of his acquaintance; and in the display of a thousand other accomplishments, knowing what a veneration the Marquis had for the very name of Learning, he had assured him that Matta was one of the best scholars in Europe.

The Marquis, therefore, from the moment they sat down to supper, had expected some stroke of learning from Matta, to bring his own into play; but he was much out in his reckoning: no one had read less, no one thought less, and no one had ever spoken so little at an entertainment as Matta had done: as he had no wish to enter into conversation, he opened his mouth only to eat, or to call for wine.

The other, being offended at a silence which appeared to him affected,

and wearied with having uselessly attacked him upon other subjects, thought he might get something out of him by changing the discourse to love and gallantry; and therefore, to begin the subject, he accosted him in this manner:

'Since you are my wife's gallant—' 'I!' said Matta, who wished to carry it discreetly: 'those who told you so, 'told a damned lie.' 'Zounds, sir,' said the Marquis, 'you speak in a tone which 'does not at all become you; for I 'would have you to know, notwith-'standing your contemptuous airs, that 'the Marchioness de Senantes is per-'haps as worthy of your attentions as 'any of your French ladies, and that 'I have known some greatly your su-'periors, who have thought it an ho-'nour to serve her.' 'Very well,' said 'Matta, I think she is very deserv-

'ing, and since you insist upon it, I am 'her servant and gallant to oblige you.'

'You think perhaps,' continued the other, 'that the same custom prevails 'in this country which does in your 'own, and that the ladies have lovers, 'with no other intentions than to grant 'them favours: undeceive yourself if 'you please, and know likewise, that 'even if such events were frequent in 'this court, I should not be at all un-'easy.' 'Nothing can be more civil,' said Matta, 'but wherefore would you 'not be uneasy?' 'I will tell you why,' replied he: 'I am well acquainted with 'the affection my wife entertains for 'me; I am acquainted with her dis-'cretion towards all the world; and, 'what is more, I am acquainted with 'my own merit.'

'You have a most uncommon ac-'quaintance then,' replied Matta, 'I

'congratulate you upon it; I have the 'honour to drink it in a bumper.' The Marquis pledged him; but seeing that the conversation dropped on their ceasing to drink, after two or three healths, he wished to make a second attempt, and attack Matta on his strong side, that is to say, on his learning.

He desired him, therefore, to tell him, at what time he thought the Allobroges came to settle in Piedmont. Matta, who wished him and his Allobroges at the devil, said, that it must be in the time of the civil wars. 'I doubt that, said the other.' 'Just 'as you like,' said Matta. 'Under 'what consulate?' replied the Marquis: 'under that of the league,' said Matta, 'when the Guises brought the Lans-'quenets into France; but what the 'devil does that signify?'

The Marquis was tolerably warm, and naturally savage, so that God knows how the conversation would have ended, if the Chevalier de Grammont had not unexpectedly come in to appease them. It was some time before he could find out what their debate was; for the one had forgotten the questions, and the other the answers, which had disobliged him, in order to reproach the Chevalier with his eternal passion for play, which made him never to be depended on. The Chevalier, who knew that he was still more culpable than they thought, bore it all with patience, and condemned himself even more than they desired. This appeased them; and the entertainment ended with greater tranquillity than it had begun: the conversation was again reduced to order; but the Chevalier could not enliven it as he

usually did: he was in very ill humour, and as he pressed them every minute to rise from table, the Marquis was of opinion that he had lost a great deal. Matta said, on the contrary, that he had won; but for want of precautions had perhaps made an unfortunate retreat, and asked him if he had not stood in need of Serjeant La Place, with his ambuscade.

This piece of history was beyond the comprehension of the Marquis, and being afraid that Matta might explain it, the Chevalier changed the discourse, and was for rising from table; but Matta would not consent to it. This effected a reconciliation between him and the Marquis, who thought this was a piece of civility intended for him; however, it was not for him, but for his wine, to which Matta had taken a prodigious liking.

Madame Royale, who knew the character of the Marquis, was charmed with the account which the Chevalier de Grammont gave her of the entertainment and conversation: she sent for Matta to know the truth of it from himself: he confessed, that before the Allobroges were mentioned, the Marquis was for quarrelling with him, because he was not in love with his wife.

Their acquaintance having begun in this manner, all the esteem which the Marquis had formerly expressed for the Chevalier seemed to be transferred to Matta: he went every day to pay Matta a visit, and Matta was every day with his wife. This did not at all suit the Chevalier: he repented of his having chid Matta, whose assiduity now interrupted all his schemes; and the Marchioness was still more

embarrassed. Whatever wit a man may have, it will never please where his company is disliked; and she repented that she had formerly been guilty of some trifling advances to him.

Matta began to find charms in her person, and might have found the same in her conversation, if she had been inclined to display them; but it is impossible to be in good humour with persons who thwart our designs. While his passion was daily increasing for her, the Chevalier de Grammont was entirely occupied in endeavouring to find out some method, by which he might accomplish his wishes; and this was the stratagem which he put in execution, to clear the coast, by removing at one and the same time both the lover and the husband.

He told Matta, that they must invite the Marquis to supper at their

lodgings, and that he would take upon himself to provide every thing proper for the occasion. Matta desired to know if it was to play at quinze, and assured him that he should take care to render abortive any intention he might have to engage in play, and leave him alone with the greatest blockhead in all Europe. The Chevalier de Grammont did not entertain any such thought, being persuaded that it would be impossible to take advantage of this opportunity, in whatever manner he might take his measures, and that they would seek for him in every corner of the city rather than allow him the least repose. His whole attention was therefore employed in rendering the entertainment agreeable, in finding out means of prolonging it, in order ultimately to kindle some dispute between the Marquis and

Matta. For this purpose he put himself in the best humour in the world, and the wine produced the same effect on the rest of the company.

The Chevalier de Grammont expressed his concern, that he had not been able to give the Marquis a little concert, as he had intended in the morning; for the musicians had been all pre-engaged. Upon this the Marquis undertook to have them at his country-house the following evening, and invited the same company to sup with him there. Matta asked what the devil they wanted with music, and maintained, that it was of no use on such occasions, but for women who had something to say to their lovers, while the fiddles prevented them from being overheard, or for fools who had nothing to say, when the music ceased. They ridiculed all his arguments: the

party was fixed for the next day, and the music was voted by the majority of voices. The Marquis, to console Matta, as well as to do honour to the entertainment, toasted a great many healths: Matta was more ready to listen to his arguments on this topic than in a dispute; but the Chevalier, perceiving that a little would irritate them, desired nothing more earnestly than to see them engaged in some new controversy. It was in vain that he had from time to time started some subject of discourse with this intention; but having luckily thought of asking what was his lady's maiden name, Senantes, who was a great genealogist, as all fools are who have good memories, immediately began by tracing out her family, by an endless confused string of lineage. The Chevalier seemed to listen to him with

great attention; and perceiving that Matta was almost out of patience, he requested him to attend to what the Marquis was saying, for that nothing could be more entertaining. All this may be very true, said Matta; but for my part, I must confess, if I were married, I should rather chuse to know who was the real father of my children, than who were my wife's grandfathers. The Marquis sneering at his rudeness, did not leave off until he had traced back the ancestors of his spouse, from line to line, as far as Yolande de Senantes: after this, he offered to prove, in less than half an hour, that the Grammonts came originally from Spain. Very well, said Matta, and pray what does it signify to us from whence the Grammonts are descended? Do not you know, my Lord Marquis, that it is better to

know nothing at all, than to know too much?

The Marquis maintained the contrary with great warmth, and was preparing to enter into a formal argument, to prove that an ignorant man is a fool; but the Chevalier de Grammont, who was thoroughly acquainted with Matta, saw very clearly that he would send the logician to the devil, before he should ever arrive at the conclusion of his syllogism. For which reason, interposing as soon as they began to raise their voices, he told them, it was ridiculous to quarrel about an affair in itself so trivial, and treated the matter in a serious light, that it might make the greater impression. Thus supper terminated peaceably, owing to the care he took to prevent all disputes, and to substitute plenty of wine in their stead.

The next day Matta went to the chase, the Chevalier de Grammont to the bagnio, and the Marquis to his country house: while the latter was making the necessary preparations for his guests, not forgetting the music, and Matta pursuing his game to get an appetite, the Chevalier was meditating on the execution of his project.

As soon as he had regulated his plan of operations, he privately sent anonymous intelligence to the officer of the guard at the palace, that the Marquis de Senantes had had some words with Monsieur de Matta the preceding night at supper, that the one had gone out in the morning, and that the other could not be found in the city.

Madam Royale, alarmed at this information, immediately sent for the Chevalier de Grammont.—He appear-

ed surprized when her highness mentioned the affair: he confessed indeed that some high words had passed between them, but that he did not believe either of them would have remembered them the next day. He said, that if no mischief had yet taken place, the best way would be to secure them both until the morning, and that if they could be found, he would undertake to reconcile them, and to obliterate all grievances: in this there was no great difficulty. On enquiry at the Marquis's, they were informed that he was gone to his country-house: there certainly he was, and there they found him; the officer put him under an arrest, without assigning any reason for so doing, and left him in very great surprize.

Immediately upon Matta's return from hunting, her Royal Highness sent

the same officer to desire him to give her his word that he would not stir out that evening. This compliment very much surprized him, more particularly as no reason was assigned for it. He was expected at a good entertainment, he was dying with hunger, and nothing appeared to him more unreasonable than to oblige him to stay at home, in a situation like the present; but he had given his word, and not knowing to what this might tend, his only resource was to send for his friend; but his friend did not come to him until his return from the country. He had there found the Marquis in the midst of his fiddlers, and very much vexed to find himself a prisoner in his own house on account of Matta, whom he was waiting for in order to feast him: he complained of him bitterly to the Chevalier de Grammont.

he said that he did not believe that he had offended him; but that since he was very desirous of a quarrel, he desired the Chevalier to acquaint him, if he felt the least displeasure on the present occasion, he should, on the very first opportunity, receive satisfaction. The Chevalier de Grammont assured him, that no such thought had ever entered the mind of Matta; that on the contrary he knew, that he very very greatly esteemed him; that all this could alone rise from the extreme tenderness of his lady, who being alarmed upon the report of the servants who waited at table, must have gone to her Royal Highness, in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences; that he thought this the more probable, as he had often told the Marchioness, when speaking of Matta, that he was the best swordsman in France; for in

truth the poor gentleman had never fought without having the misfortune of killing his man.

The Marquis, a little pacified, said, he was very much obliged to him, that he would severely chide his wife for her unseasonable tenderness, and that he was extremely desirous of again enjoying the pleasure of his dear friend Matta's company.

The Chevalier de Grammont assured him that he would use all his endeavours for that purpose, and at his departure gave strict charge to his guard not to let him escape without orders from the court, as he seemed fully bent upon fighting, and they would be responsible for him: there was no occasion to say more to have him strictly watched, though there was no necessity for it.

One being thus safely lodged, his

next step was to secure the other: he returned immediately to town; and as soon as Matta saw him: 'What the 'devil, said he, is the meaning of this 'farce which I am obliged to act? for 'my part I cannot understand the 'foolish customs of this country: how 'comes it that they make me a prisoner 'upon my parole? How comes it, said 'the Chevalier de Grammont, it is be-'cause you yourself are far more un-'accountable than all their customs: 'you cannot help disputing with a 'peevish fellow, whom you ought only 'to laugh at: some officious footman 'has no doubt been talking of your 'last night's dispute: you were seen 'to go out of town in the morning, 'and the Marquis soon after: was not 'this sufficient to make her Royal 'Highness think herself obliged to 'take these precautions? The Marquis

'is in custody; they have only re-
'quired your parole; so far therefore,
'from taking the affair in the sense
'you do, I should send very humbly
'to thank her highness for the kind-
'ness which she has manifested to-
'wards you, in putting you under ar-
'rest, since it is only on your account
'that she interests herself in the affair.
'I shall take a walk to the palace,
'where I will endeavour to unravel
'this mystery: in the mean time, as
'there is but little probability that the
'matter will be settled this evening,
'you will do well to order supper; for
'I shall come back to you immedi-
'ately.'

Matta charged him not to fail to express to her Royal Highness the grateful sense he had of her favour, though in truth he as little feared the Marquis, as he loved him; and it is

impossible to express the degree of his fortitude in stronger terms.

The Chevalier de Grammont returned in about half an hour, with two or three gentlemen whom Matta had got acquainted with at the chase, and who, upon the report of the quarrel, waited upon him, and each offered him separately his services against the unassisted and pacific Marquis. Matta having returned them his thanks, insisted upon their staying supper, and put on his robe de chambre.

As soon as the Chevalier de Grammont perceived that every thing went on according to his wishes, and that towards the end of the entertainment the toasts went merrily round, he knew he was sure of his man till next day: then taking him aside, with the permission of the company, and making use of a false confidence in order to

disguise a real treachery, he acquainted him, after having sworn him several times to secrecy, that he had at last prevailed upon the little Saint Germain to grant him an interview that night; for which reason he would take his leave, under pretence of going to play at court; he therefore desired him fully to satisfy the company that he would not have left them on any other account, as the Piedmontese are naturally mistrustful. Matta promised he would manage this point with discretion; that he would make an apology for him, and that there was no occasion for his personally taking leave: then, after congratulating him upon the happy posture of his affairs, he sent him away with all the expedition and secrecy imaginable; so great was his fear lest his friend should lose the present opportunity.

Matta then returned to the company, much pleased with the confidence which had been reposed in him, and with the share he had in the success of this adventure: he put himself into the best humour imaginable in order to divert the attention of his guests: he severely satirized those whose rage for gaming induced them to sacrifice to it every other consideration: he loudly ridiculed the folly of the Chevalier upon this article, and secretly laughed at the credulity of the Piedmontese, whom he had deceived with so much ingenuity.

It was very late before the company broke up, and Matta went to bed, very well satisfied with what he had done for his friend; and, if we may credit appearances, this friend enjoyed the fruit of his perfidy. The amorous Marchioness received him

like one who wished to enhance the value of the favour she bestowed: her charms were far from being neglected; and if there are some cases in which we may detest the traitor, while we profit by the treason, this is not to be considered one of them. And however successful the Chevalier de Grammont was in his intrigues, it was not owing to him that the contrary was not believed; be that however as it may, being convinced, that in love whatever is gained by address, is gained fairly, it does not appear that he ever shewed the smallest degree of repentance for this trick. But it is now time for us to take him from the court of Savoy, to see him shine in that of France.

CHAPTER V.

THE Chevalier de Grammont, upon his return to France, sustained, with the greatest success, the reputation he had acquired abroad: alert at play, active and vigilant in love; sometimes successful, and always feared, in his intrigues; in war alike prepared for the events of good or ill fortune; possessing an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry in the former, and full of expedients and dexterity in the latter.

Zealously attached to the Prince de Condé from inclination, he was a witness, and, if we may be allowed to say it, his companion, in the glory he had acquired at the celebrated battles of Lens, Norlinguen, and Fribourg; and the details he so frequently

gave of them, were far from diminishing their lustre.

So long as he had only scruples of conscience, and some interests to sacrifice, he quitted all to follow a man, whom strong motives and resentments, which in some manner appeared excusable, had withdrawn from the paths of rectitude. He adhered to him in his first disgrace, with a constancy of which there are few examples; but he could not submit to the injuries which he afterwards received, and which such an inviolable attachment so little merited. Therefore, without fearing any reproach for a conduct which sufficiently justified itself, as he had formerly deviated from his duty, by entering into the service of the Prince de Condé, he thought he had a right to leave him to return again to his duty.

His peace was soon made at court, where many, far more culpable than himself, were immediately received into favour, when they desired it: for the Queen, still terrified at the dangers into which the civil wars had plunged the state at the commencement of her regency, endeavoured by lenient measures to conciliate the minds of the people. The policy of the minister was neither sanguinary nor revengeful: his favourite maxims were, rather to appease the minds of the discontented by lenity, than to have recourse to violent measures; to be content with losing nothing by the war, without being at the expense of gaining any advantage from the enemy; to suffer his character to be very severely handled, provided he could amass much wealth, and to spin out the minority to the greatest possible extent.

His avidity to heap up riches did not confine itself to the thousand different means, with which he was furnished by his authority, and the situation in which he was placed: his whole pursuit was gain: he was naturally fond of gaming; but he only played to enrich himself, and therefore, whenever he found an opportunity, he cheated.

As he found the Chevalier de Grammont possessed of infinite wit, and plenty of money, he was a man according to his wishes, and soon became one of his set. The Chevalier soon perceived the artfulness and dishonesty of the Cardinal, and thought it was allowable in him to put in practice those talents which he had received from nature, not only in his own defence, but even to attack him whenever an opportunity offered. This

would certainly be the place to mention these particulars; but who can describe them with such ease and elegance, as may be expected by those who have already heard his own relation of them? Vain is the attempt to endeavour to transcribe these entertaining anecdotes: their spirit seems to evaporate upon paper; and in whatever light they are exposed, the delicacy of their colouring, and their beauty, is lost.

It will be sufficient to say, that upon all occasions where address was reciprocally employed, the Chevalier had the advantage; and that if he paid his court badly to the minister, he had the consolation to find, that those who suffered themselves to be cheated, in the end were badly repaid for their complaisance; for they always continued in a state of abject submission,

while the Chevalier de Grammont, on a thousand different occasions, never put himself under the least restraint. Of which the following is one instance:

The Spanish army, commanded by the Prince de Condé and the Archduke, besieged Arras. The court had advanced as far as Peronne. The enemy, by the capture of this place, would have procured a reputation for their army, of which it stood in great need; as the French, for a considerable time past, had evinced a superiority in every engagement.

The Prince supported a tottering party, as much as their usual inactivity and irresolution permitted him; but as in the events of war it is necessary to act independently on some occasions, which, if once suffered to escape, can never be retrieved; for want of this

power it frequently happened that his great abilities were of no avail. The Spanish infantry had never recovered the defeat of Rocroy; and he who had ruined them by that victory, by fighting against them, was the only man who now, by commanding their army, was capable of repairing the mischief he had done them. But the jealousy of the generals, and the distrust attendant upon their counsels, tied up his hands.

Nevertheless the siege of Arras was vigorously carried on. The Cardinal was very sensible how dishonourable it would be to suffer this place to be taken under his nose, and almost in sight of the king. On the other hand, it was very hazardous to attempt its relief, the Prince de Condé being a man who never neglected the smallest precaution for the security of his lines:

and if lines are attacked, and not forced, the greatest danger threatens the assailants. For the more furious the assault, the greater is the disorder in the retreat; and no man in the world knew so well as the prince how to make the best of an advantage. The army, commanded by Monsieur de Turenne, was considerably weaker than that of the enemy; it was likewise the only resource they had to depend upon. If this army was defeated, the loss of Arras was not the only misfortune to be dreaded.

The Cardinal, whose talents were well adapted to junctures where deceitful negociations could extricate him out of difficulties, was filled with terror at the sight of imminent danger, or of a decisive event: he was of opinion that it would be advisable to lay siege to some other place, the capture

of which might prove an indemnification for the loss of Arras; but Monsieur de Turenne, who differed entirely from the Cardinal, resolved to march towards the enemy, and did not acquaint him with his intentions until he was upon his march. The courier arrived in the midst of the Cardinal's distress, and redoubled his apprehensions and alarms; but there was then no remedy.

The Marshal, whose great reputation had gained him the confidence of the troops, had determined upon his measures before an express order from the court could prevent him. This was one of those occasions, in which the difficulties encountered heighten the glory of success. Though the general's capacity, in some measure, afforded comfort to the court, they

nevertheless were upon the eve of an event, which in one way or other must terminate both their hopes and their fears. While the rest of the courtiers were giving various opinions concerning the issue, the Chevalier de Grammont determined to be an eye-witness of it; a resolution which greatly surprised the court; for those, who had seen as many actions as he had, seemed to be exempted from such eagerness; but it was in vain that his friends opposed his resolutions.

The king was pleased with his intention; and the queen appeared no less satisfied. He assured her, that he would bring her good news; and she promised to embrace him, if he was as good as his word. The Cardinal made the same promise: to the latter, however, he did not pay much attention;

Sylvester fc.

LE MARESCHAL DE HUMIERES.

Pub. July. 1. 1808. by John White. Fleet St. & John Scott. Strand

yet he believed it sincere, because the keeping of it would cost him nothing.

He set out in the dusk of the evening with Caseau, whom Monsieur de Turenne had sent express to their Majesties. The Duke of York, and the Marquis d'Humiéres, commanded under the Marshal: the latter was upon duty when the Chevalier arrived, it being scarce day-light. The Duke of York did not at first recollect him; but the Marquis d'Humiéres, running to him with open arms, 'I thought,' said he, 'if any man came from court 'to pay us a visit upon such an occa'sion as this, it would be the Cheva'lier de Grammont. Well, what are 'they doing at Peronne?' 'They are 'in great consternation,' replied the Chevalier. 'And what do they think 'of us?' 'They think,' said Gram-

mont, 'that if you beat the Prince, 'you will do no more than your duty; 'if you are beaten, they will think 'you fools and madmen, thus to have 'risqued every thing, without con- 'sidering the consequences.' 'Tru- 'ly,' said the Marquis, 'you bring 'us very comfortable news: Will you 'now go to Monsieur de Turenne's 'quarters, to acquaint him with it; 'or will you choose rather to repose 'yourself in mine? for you have been 'riding post all last night, and perhaps 'did not experience much rest in 'the preceding.' 'Where have you 'heard, that the Chevalier de Gram- 'mont had ever any occasion for 'sleep?' replied he: "only order me 'a horse, that I may have the honour 'to attend the Duke of York; for, 'most likely, he is not in the field so 'early, except to visit some posts.'

The advanced guard was only at cannon shot from that of the enemy. As soon as they arrived there, 'I 'should like,' said the Chevalier de Grammont, 'to advance as far as the 'sentry which is posted on that emi-'nence: I have some friends and ac-'quaintance in their army, whom I 'should wish to enquire after: the 'Duke of York will, I am sure, grant 'me permission.' At these words, he advanced. The centinel, seeing him come forward directly to his post, stood upon his guard: the Chevalier stopped as soon as he was within shot of him. The centinel answered the sign which was made to him, and made another to the officer, who had begun to advance as soon as he had seen the Chevalier come forward, and was soon up with him; but, seeing the Chevalier de Gram-

mont alone, he made no difficulty to let him approach. He desired leave of this officer, to enquire after some relations he had in their army, and at the same time asked, if the Duke d'Arscot was at the siege. 'Sir,' said he, 'there he is, just alighted 'under those trees which you see on 'the left of our grand guard: it is 'hardly a minute since he was here 'with the Prince d'Aremberg, his 'brother, the Baron de Limbec, and 'Louvigny.' 'May I see them upon 'parole?' said the Chevalier. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I were allowed to quit my 'post, I would do myself the honour 'of accompanying you thither; but I 'will send to acquaint them, that the 'Chevalier de Grammont desires to 'speak with them.' And, after having dispatched one of his guard towards them, he returned. 'Sir,' said

Birrell, fc.

ALBERT, PRINCE AREMBERG.

From a French Print

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White. Fleet St. & John Scott. Strand.

the Chevalier de Grammont, 'may I 'take the liberty to enquire, how I 'came to be known to you?' 'Is it 'possible,' said the other, 'that the 'Chevalier de Grammont can have for-'gotten La Motte, who had the honour 'to serve so long in his regiment?' 'What! is it you, my good friend La 'Motte? I was indeed to blame for 'not remembering you, though you 'are in a dress very different from 'that which I first saw you in at 'Bruxelles, when you taught the 'Duchess of Guise to dance the trio-'lets; and I am afraid your affairs are 'not in so flourishing a condition as 'they were the campaign after I had 'given you the company you men-'tion.' They were talking in this manner, when the Duke d'Arscot, followed by the gentlemen above mentioned, came up on full gallop. The

Chevalier de Grammont was saluted by the whole company before he could say a word. Soon after arrived an immense number of others of his acquaintance, with many people, out of curiosity, on both sides, who, seeing him upon the eminence, assembled together with the greatest eagerness; so that the two armies, without design, without truce, and without fraud, were going to join in conversation, if, by chance, Monsieur de Turenne had not perceived it at a distance. The sight surprized him: he hastened that way; and the Marquis d'Humiéres acquainted him with the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, who wished to speak to the sentry before he went to head quarters. He added, that he could not comprehend how the devil he had managed to assemble both armies around him, for it was hardly a

minute since he had left him. 'Truly,' said Monsieur de Turenne, 'he is a 'very extraordinary man; but it is 'only reasonable, that he should let 'us now have a little of his company, 'since he has paid his first visit to the 'enemy.' At these words he dispatched an aid-de-camp, to recal the officers of his army, and to acquaint the Chevalier de Grammont with his impatience to see him.

This order arrived at the same time, with one of the same nature, to the enemy's officers. The Prince de Condé, being informed of this peaceable interview, was not in the least surprized at it, when he heard that it was occasioned by the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont. He only gave Lussan orders to recal the officers, and to desire the Chevalier to meet him at the same place the next day; which the

Chevalier promised to do, provided Monsieur de Turenne should approve of it, as he made no doubt he would.

His reception in the royal army was equally agreeable with that which he had experienced from the enemy. Monsieur de Turenne esteemed him no less for his frankness than for the poignancy of his wit: he took it very kindly, that he was the only courtier who came to see him in a time so critical as the present. The questions which he asked him about the court, were not so much for information, as to divert himself with his manner of relating their different apprehensions and alarms. The Chevalier de Grammont advised him to beat the enemy, if he did not chuse to be answerable for an enterprize which he had undertaken without consulting the Cardinal. Monsieur de Turenne promised him

he would exert himself to the utmost to follow his advice, and assured him, that if he succeeded, he would make the queen keep her word with him; and concluded with saying, that he was not sorry the Prince de Condé had expressed a desire to see him. His measures were taken for an attack upon the lines: on this subject he discoursed in private with the Chevalier de Grammont, and concealed nothing from him except the time of execution. But this was perfectly unnecessary; for the Chevalier had seen too much, not to judge, from his own knowledge, and the observations he had made, that from the position he had taken, the attack could be no longer deferred.

He set out the next day for his rendezvous, attended by a trumpet, and found the Prince at the place

which Monsieur de Lussan had pointed out to him the evening before. As soon as he alighted: 'Is it possible,' said the Prince, embracing him, 'that 'this can be the Chevalier de Gram-'mont, and that I should see him in 'the contrary party?' 'It is you, my 'Lord, whom I see there,' replied the Chevalier, 'and I appeal to yourself, 'whether it is the fault of the Cheva-'lier de Grammont, or your own, that 'we now embrace different interests.' 'I must confess,' said the Prince, 'that if there are some who have 'abandoned me like base ungrateful 'wretches, you have left me, as I left 'myself, like a man of honour, who 'thinks himself in the right: but let 'us forget all cause of resentment, and 'tell me what is your motive for com-'ing here, you, whom I thought at 'Peronne with the court. 'Must I

tell you?' said he: 'Why, faith then, 'I came to save your life. I know 'that you cannot help being in the 'midst of the enemy in the day of 'battle; it is only necessary for your 'horse to be shot under you, and to be 'taken in arms, to meet with the same 'treatment from this Cardinal, which 'your uncle Montmorency did from 'the other. I come, therefore, to hold 'a horse in readiness for you, in case 'of a similar misfortune, that you may 'not lose your head.' 'It is not the 'first time,' said the Prince smiling, 'that you have rendered me this ser- 'vice, though the being taken prisoner 'at that time could not have been so 'dangerous to me as now.'

From this conversation, they passed to more entertaining subjects. The Prince asked him many questions concerning the court, the ladies, play, and

his amours; and returning insensibly to the present situation of affairs, the Chevalier having enquired after some officers of his acquaintance, who had remained with him, the Prince told him that if he chose, he might go to the lines, where he would have an opportunity not only of seeing those whom he enquired after, but likewise the disposition of the quarters and entrenchments. To this he consented, and the Prince, having shewn him all the works, and attended him back to their rendezvous, 'Well, Chevalier,' said he, 'when do you think we shall 'see you again?' 'Faith,' replied he, 'you have used me so handsomely, 'that I shall conceal nothing from 'you. Hold yourself in readiness an 'hour before day-break; for, you may 'depend upon it, we shall attack you 'to-morrow morning. I would not

'have acquainted you with this, per-
'haps, had I been entrusted with the
'secret; but, nevertheless, in the pre-
'sent case you may believe me.' 'You
'are still the same man,' said the Prince, again embracing him. The Chevalier returned to Monsieur de Turenne's camp towards night: every preparation was then making for the attack of the lines, and it was no longer a secret among the troops.

'Well, Monsieur le Chevalier, were
'they all very glad to see you?' said Monsieur de Turenne: 'the Prince,
'no doubt, received you with the
'greatest kindness, and asked a great
'number of questions.' 'He has
'shewn me all the civility imaginable,' replied the Chevalier; 'and, to con-
'vince me he did not take me for a
'spy, he led me round the lines and
'entrenchments, and shewed me the

'preparations he had made for your 'reception.' 'And what is his opi-'nion,' said the Marshal? 'He is per-'suaded that you will attack him to-'night, or to-morrow by day-break; 'for you great captains see through 'each other's designs in a wonderful 'manner.'

Monsieur de Turenne, with plea-sure, received this commendation from a man who was not indiscriminately accustomed to bestow praise: he com-municated to him the disposition of the attack; and at the same time ac-quainted him, that he was very happy that a man, who had seen so many actions, was to be present at this; and that he esteemed it no small advantage to have the benefit of his advice: but as he believed that the remaining part of the night would be hardly sufficient for his repose, after having passed the

former without any refreshment, he consigned him to the Marquis de'Humiéres, who provided him with a supper and a lodging.

The next day the lines of Arras were attacked, wherein the victorious Turenne added additional lustre to his former glory; and the Prince de Condé, though vanquished, lost nothing of his former reputation.

There are so many accounts of this celebrated battle, that a description of it here would be altogether superfluous. The Chevalier de Grammont, who, as a volunteer, was permitted to go every where, has given a better description of it than any other person. Monsieur de Turenne reaped great advantage from that activity which never forsook the Chevalier either in peace or war, and that presence of mind which enabled him to

carry orders, as coming from the general, so very a-propos, that Monsieur de Turenne, otherwise very particular in such matters, thanked him, when the battle was over, in the presence of all his officers, and dispatched him to court with the first news of his success.

All that is generally necessary in these expeditions, is to be accustomed to hard riding, and to be well provided with fresh horses: but in this instance a great many other obstacles were to be surmounted. In the first place, the parties of the enemy were dispersed all over the country, and obstructed his passage. Then he had to prepare against greedy and officious courtiers, who, on such occasions, post themselves in all the avenues, in order to cheat the poor courier out of his news. However, his address preserved

him from the one, and deceived the others.

He had taken eight or ten troopers, commanded by an officer of his acquaintance, to escort him half way to Bapaume; being persuaded that the greatest danger would lie between the camp and the first stage. He had not proceeded a league before he was convinced of the truth of his surmise. Turning therefore to the officer, who followed him closely, 'if you are not 'well mounted,' said he, 'I would ad-'vise you to return to the camp; for 'my part, I shall set spurs to my horse 'and make the best of my way.' 'Sir,' said the officer, 'I hope I shall be able 'to keep you company, at whatever 'rate you go, until you are out of all 'danger.' 'I doubt that,' replied the Chevalier, 'for yonder appear to be 'some gentlemen preparing to pay us

'a visit.' 'Don't you see,' said the officer, 'these are some of our own 'people who are grazing their horses.' 'No,' said the Chevalier; 'but I see 'very well that they are some of the 'enemy's troopers:' upon which, observing to him that they were mounting, he ordered the horsemen that escorted him, to prepare themselves to make a diversion, and he himself set off full speed towards Bapaume.

He was mounted upon a very swift English horse; but having entangled himself in a hollow way where the ground was deep and miry, he soon had the troopers at his heels, who, supposing him to be some officer of rank, would not be deceived, but continued to pursue him without paying any attention to the others. The best mounted of the party began to draw near him; for the English horses,

swift as the wind on even ground, proceeding but very indifferently in bad roads, the trooper presented his carbine, and cried out to him, at some distance, good quarter. The Chevalier de Grammont, who perceived that they gained upon him, and that whatever efforts his horse made in such heavy ground, he must be overtaken at last, immediately quitted the road to Bapaume, and took a causeway to the left, which led quite a different way. As soon as he had gained it, he drew up, as if to hear the proposal of the trooper, which afforded his horse an opportunity of recovering himself; while his enemy, mistaking his intention, and thinking that he only waited to surrender, immediately exerted every effort, that he might take him before the rest of his companions, who were

following, could arrive, and by this means almost killed his horse.

One minute's reflection made the Chevalier consider what a disagreeable adventure it would be, thus coming from so glorious a victory, and the dangers of a battle so warmly disputed, to be taken by a set of scoundrels who had not been in it, and, instead of being received in triumph, and embraced by a great queen for the important news with which he was charged, to see himself stripped by the vanquished.

During this short meditation, the trooper who followed him was arrived within shot, and still presenting his carbine, offered him good quarter: but the Chevalier de Grammont, to whom this offer, and the manner in which it was made, were equally dis-

pleasing, made a sign to him to lower his piece; and perceiving his horse to be in wind, he lowered his hand, rode off like lightning, and left the trooper in such astonishment that he even forgot to fire at him.

As soon as he arrived at Bapaume, he changed horses: the commander of this place shewed him the greatest respect, assuring him that no person had yet passed; that he would keep the secret, and that he would detain all that followed him, except the couriers of Monsieur de Turenne.

He had now only to guard against those who would be watching for him about the environs of Peronne, to return as soon as they saw him, and carry his news to court, without being acquainted with any of the particulars. He knew very well that Marshal du Plessis, Marshal de Villeroy, and Ga-

boury, had boasted of this to the Cardinal before his departure. Wherefore, to elude this snare, he hired two well-mounted horsemen at Bapaume, and as soon as he had got a league from that place, gave each of them two louis d'ors, to secure their fidelity. He ordered them to ride on before, to appear very much terrified, and to tell all those that should ask them any questions, that all was lost, that the Chevalier de Grammont had stopped at Bapaume, having no great inclination to be the messenger of ill news; and that as for themselves, they had been pursued by the enemy's troopers, who were spread over the whole country since the defeat.

Every thing succeeded to his wish: the horsemen were intercepted by Gaboury, whose eagerness had outstripped the two marshals; but whatever

questions were asked them, they acted their parts so well, that Peronne was already in consternation, and rumours of the defeat were whispered among the courtiers, when the Chevalier de Grammont arrived.

Nothing so much enhances the value of good news, as when a false alarm of bad has preceded; yet, though the Chevalier's was accompanied with this advantage, none but their Majesties received it with the transport of joy which it deserved.

The queen kept her promise to him in the most fascinating manner: she embraced him before the whole court; the king appeared no less delighted; but the Cardinal, whether with the view of lessening the merit of an action which deserved a handsome reward, or from a return of that insolence which always accompanied him

in prosperity, appeared at first not to pay any attention to what he said. Being afterwards informed that the lines had been forced, that the Spanish army was beaten, and that Arras was relieved: 'Is the Prince de Condé 'taken?' said he. 'No,' replied the Chevalier de Grammont. 'He is killed 'then, I suppose?' said the Cardinal. 'Not so neither,' answered the Chevalier. 'Fine news indeed,' said the Cardinal, with an air of contempt; and at these words he went into the queen's cabinet with their Majesties. And happy it was for the Chevalier that he did so, for without doubt he would have given him some severe reply, in resentment for those two fine questions, and the conclusion he had drawn from them.

The court was filled with the spies of his Eminence: the Chevalier, as is

usual on such an occasion, was surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and inquisitive people, and he was very glad to ease himself of some part of the load which laid heavy on his heart, within the hearing of the Cardinal's creatures, and which he would perhaps have told him to his face. 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, with a sneer, 'there is nothing like being 'zealous and eager in the service of 'kings and great princes: you have 'seen what a gracious reception his 'Majesty has given me; you are likewise witnesses in what an obliging 'manner the queen kept her promise 'to me; but as for the Cardinal, he 'has received my news as if he gained 'no more by it than he did by the 'death of Peter Mazarine.'

This was sufficient to terrify all those who were sincerely attached to

him; and the best established fortune would have been ruined at some period by a jest much less severe: for it was delivered in the presence of witnesses, who were only desirous of having an opportunity of representing it in its utmost malignancy, to make a merit of their vigilance with a powerful and absolute minister. Of this the Chevalier de Grammont was thoroughly convinced; yet whatever detriment he foresaw might arise to himself from it, he could not help being much pleased with what he had said.

The spies very faithfully discharged their duty: however, the affair took a very different turn from what they expected. The next day, when the Chevalier de Grammont was present while their Majesties were at dinner, the Cardinal came in, and coming up to him, every body making way for

him out of respect: 'Chevalier,' said he, 'the news which you have brought 'is very good, their Majesties are very 'well satisfied with it; and to con- 'vince you that I think it more ad- 'vantageous to me than the death of 'Peter Mazarine, if you will come and 'dine with me we will have a few 'games together; for the queen will 'give us something to play for over 'and above her first promise.'

In this manner did the Chevalier de Grammont dare to provoke a powerful minister, and this was all the resentment which this least vindictive of all ministers expressed on the occasion. It was indeed an uncommon trait of grandeur in so young a man, to reverence the authority of ministers no farther, than as they rendered themselves respectable by their merit: for this, his own breast, as well as the

whole court, applauded him, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of being the only man who durst preserve some shadow of liberty, in a state of general servitude. To the Cardinal's passing over this insult with impunity, perhaps it was owing that the Chevalier afterwards got himself into difficulties, by some rash expressions less fortunate in the event.

In the mean time the court returned: the Cardinal, at last sensible that he could no longer keep his master in a state of tutelage; being himself worn out with cares and infirmities, having amassed treasures he knew not what to do with, and being sufficiently loaded with the weight of public odium, turned all his thoughts towards terminating, in a manner the most advantageous for France, an administration which had so cruelly

shaken that kingdom. Thus, while he was earnestly laying the foundations of a peace most ardently wished for, pleasure and magnificence began to reign at court.

The Chevalier de Grammont experienced for a long time many vicissitudes in love and at play: he was esteemed by the courtiers, sought for by beauties whom he neglected, and a dangerous favourite of those whom he admired; yet more favoured by fortune than by the fair sex, but the one indemnifying him for want of success with the other; he was always full of life and spirits; and in transactions of importance, always the man of honour.

It is a pity that we are here obliged to interrupt the course of his history, by an interval of some years, as has been already done at the com-

mencement of these memoirs: in a life where the most minute circumstances are always singular and diverting, we can meet with no chasm which does not afford regret; but whether the Chevalier did not think them worthy of holding a place among his other adventures, or that he has only preserved a confused recollection of them, we must pass to the parts of these fragments which are better ascertained, that we may arrive at the subject of his journey to England.

The peace of the Pyrenees, the king's marriage, the return of the Prince de Condé, and the death of the Cardinal, gave a new face to the state. The eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon their monarch, who, for nobleness of mien, and gracefulness of person, had no equal; but it was not then known that he was possessed of

Barber Sculp.

LOUIS. XIV.

From a beautiful print by Nanteuil.

Pub.d July.1.1808. by John White Fleet St.t & John Scott 442. Strand.

those superior abilities, which, filling his subjects with admiration, in the end made him so formidable to all Europe. Love and ambition, the invisible springs of the intrigues and cabals of all courts, attentively observed his first steps: pleasure promised herself an absolute empire over a prince who had been kept in ignorance of the necessary rules of government, and ambition had no hopes of reigning in the court, except in the minds of those who were able to dispute the management of affairs; when men were surprized to see the king on a sudden display those shining talents, which prudence, in some measure necessary, had so long obliged him to conceal.

An application, inimical to the pleasures which generally attract that age, and which unlimited power very seldom refuses, attached him solely to

the cares of government: all admired this wonderful change, but all did not find their account in it. The great lost their consequence before an absolute master; and the courtiers approached with reverential awe the sole object of their respects, and the sole master of their fortunes: those who had conducted themselves like petty tyrants in their provinces, and on the frontiers, were now no more than governors: favours, according to the king's pleasure, were sometimes conferred on merit, and sometimes for services done the state; but to importune, or to menace the court, was no longer the method to obtain them.

The Chevalier de Grammont regarded his master's attention to the affairs of state as a prodigy: he could not conceive how he could submit, at his age, to the rules he prescribed

himself, or that he should give up so many hours from pleasure, to devote them to the tiresome duties, and laborious functions of government; but he blessed the Lord that henceforward no more homage was to be paid, no more court to be made, but to him alone, to whom they were justly due. Disdaining as he did the servile adoration usually paid to a minister, he could never crouch before the power of the two Cardinals who succeeded each other: he neither worshipped the arbitrary power of the one, nor gave his approbation to the crooked policy of the other: he had never received any thing from Cardinal Richelieu but an abbey, which, on account of his rank, could not be refused him; and he never got any thing from Mazarine but what he won of him at play.

By many years service under an able

general he had acquired a talent for war; but this, during a period of general peace, was of no farther service to him: he therefore thought, that in the midst of a court flourishing in beauties, and abounding in wealth, he could not employ himself better, than in endeavouring to gain the good opinion of his master, in making the best use of those advantages which nature had given him for play, and in putting in practice new stratagems in love.

He succeeded very well in the two first of these projects, and as he had from that time laid it down as the rule of his conduct, to attach himself solely to the king in all his views of preferment; to have no regard for favour unless when it was supported by merit; to make himself beloved by the courtiers, and feared by the ministers; to dare to undertake any thing in order

to do good, and to engage in nothing at the expence of innocence; he soon became one in all the king's parties of pleasure, without gaining the ill-will of the courtiers. In play he was successful, in love unfortunate; or, to speak more properly, his restlessness and jealousy overcame his natural prudence, in a situation wherein he had most occasion for it.

La Motte Houdancourt was one of the maids of honour to the queen Dowager, and, though no sparkling beauty, she had drawn away lovers from the celebrated Meneville. It was sufficient in those days, for the king to cast his eye upon a young lady of the court to inspire her with hopes, and often with tender sentiments; but if he spoke to her more than once, the courtiers took it for granted, and those who had either pretensions to, or love

for her, respectfully withdrew both the one and the other, and afterwards only paid her respect; but the Chevalier de Grammont thought fit to act quite otherwise, perhaps to preserve a singularity of character, which upon the present occasion was of no service to him. He had never before thought of her; but as soon as he found that she was honoured with the king's attention, he was of opinion that she was likewise deserving of his: having attached himself to her, he soon became very troublesome, without convincing her he was much in love: she grew weary of his persecutions; but he would not desist, neither on account of her ill treatment, nor of her threats. This conduct of his at first made no great noise, because she was in hopes that he would change his behaviour; but finding him rashly persist in it, she

complained of him: and then it was that he perceived that if love renders all conditions equal, it is not so between rivals. He was banished the court, and not finding any place in France which could console him for what he most regretted, the presence and sight of his prince, after having made some slight reflections upon his disgrace, and bestowed a few imprecations upon her who was the cause of it, he at last formed the resolution of visiting England.

CHAPTER VI.

CURIOSITY to see a man equally famous for his crimes, and his elevation, had once before induced the Chevalier de Grammont to visit England. Reasons of state assume great privileges; whatever appears advantageous is lawful; and every thing that is necessary, is honourable in politics. While the king of England sought the protection of Spain in the Low Countries, and that of the states general in Holland, other powers sent splendid embassies to Cromwell.

This man, whose ambition had opened him a way to sovereign power by the greatest crimes, maintained himself in it by qualities whose lustre seemed to render him worthy of it.

The nation of all Europe the least submissive, patiently bore a yoke which did not even leave her the shadow of that liberty of which she is so jealous; and Cromwell, master of the commonwealth, under the title of Protector, feared at home, but yet more dreaded abroad, was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments; an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays, all taken together presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world, and therefore the Chevalier acquired nothing by this voyage, but some idea of the merit of a profligate man, and the admiration of some con-

cealed beauties he had found means to discover.

Affairs wore quite a different appearance at the period of his second journey. The joy for the restoration of the royal family still appeared in all parts: the nation, fond of change and of novelty, tasted the pleasure of a natural government, and seemed to breathe again after a long oppression. In short, the same people, who, by a solemn abjuration had excluded even the posterity of their lawful sovereign, exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.

The Chevalier de Grammont arrived about two years after the restoration: the reception he met with in this court, soon made him forget the one he had left; and the engagements he subsequently contracted in England, lessened the regret he had in leaving France.

This was a desirable retreat for an exile of his disposition: every thing flattered his taste; and if the adventures he had in this country were not the most considerable, they were by far the most agreeable of his life. But before we relate them, it will not be improper to give some account of the state of the English court at that period.

The necessity of affairs had exposed Charles II. from his earliest youth, to the toils and perils of a bloody war: the fate of the king, his father, had left him for inheritance nothing but his misfortunes and disgraces: they overtook him every where; but it was not until he had struggled with his ill-fortune to the last extremity, that he submitted to the decrees of Providence.

The most distinguished for their

birth or their loyalty, who had followed him into exile, and the flower of the English youth who afterwards attached themselves to his fortunes, composed a court worthy of a better fate.

Plenty and prosperity, which are thought to tend only to corrupt manners, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering court. Adversity, on the contrary, which produces a thousand advantages in spite of ourselves, served them for education; and nothing was to be seen among them but an emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue.

With this little court, in such high esteem for merit, the king of England returned two years prior to the period we are about to speak of, to ascend a throne, which to all appearances he was likely to fill as worthily as the

Bocquet Sc.

PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

From a French Print.

Pub. June 1, 1808, by John White, Fleet St. & John Scott, Strand.

most glorious of his predecessors. The magnificence displayed on this occasion was renewed at his coronation. The death of the duke of Gloucester, and of the Princess Royal, which followed shortly after, had interrupted the course of this splendour, by a tedious mourning, which the court quitted at last to prepare for the reception of the Infanta of Portugal.

It was in the height of the rejoicings they were making for this new queen, in all the splendour of a brilliant court, that the Chevalier de Grammont arrived to contribute to its magnificence and diversions.

Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the court of France, he was surprized at the politeness and splendour of that of England. The king was inferior to none, either in shape or air; his wit was pleasant; his dis-

position easy and affable; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess: he shewed great abilities in affairs of importance, but was incapable of application to any that were not so: his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave, of his attachments.

The character of the Duke of York was entirely different: he had the reputation of undaunted courage, an inviolable regard for his word, great economy in his affairs, hauteur, application, arrogance, each in their turn: a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty, and the laws of justice; he was accounted a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy.

His morality and justice, struggling for some time with prejudice, had at

Bocquet Sc.

DUKE OF ORMOND.

From the Original Picture by Sr. P.r Lely, in the Coll.n of the Duke of Queensbury.

Pub.d July 1.1808 by John White Fleet St.r & John Scott 442 Strand.

last triumphed, by his acknowledging for his wife Miss Hyde, maid of honour to the Princess Royal, whom he had secretly married in Holland. Her father, at that time Chancellor of England, supported by this new alliance, soon rose to the head of affairs, and had almost ruined them: not that he wanted capacity; but he was too self-sufficient.

The Duke of Ormond possessed the confidence and esteem of his master: the greatness of his services, the splendour of his merit and his birth, and the fortune he had abandoned in adhering to the fate of his prince, rendered him worthy of it. Nor durst the courtiers even murmur at seeing him high steward of the household, lord chamberlain, and lord lieutenant of Ireland.

He exactly resembled the Marshal de Grammont, in the turn of his wit and

the nobleness of his manners, and like him was the honour of his master's court.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans were the same in England as they had appeared in France: the one full of wit and vivacity, dissipated, without splendour, an immense estate upon which he had just entered: the other, a man of no great genius, had raised himself a considerable fortune from nothing, and by losing at play, and keeping a great table, made it appear greater than it was.

Sir Charles Berkley, afterwards Earl of Falmouth, was the confident and favourite of the king: he commanded the Duke of York's regiment of guards, and governed the Duke himself. He had nothing very remarkable either in his wit, or his per-

son; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which awaited him, when, on the very point of his elevation, he was killed at sea. Never did disinterestedness so perfectly characterize the greatness of the soul: he had no views but what tended to the glory of his master: his credit was never employed but in advising him to reward services, or to confer favours on merit: so polished in his intercourse with the world, that the greater his power, the greater appeared to be his humility; and so sincere and open in all his proceedings, that he would never have been taken for a courtier.

The Duke of Ormond's sons and his nephews had been in the king's court during his exile, and were far from diminishing its lustre after his return. The Earl of Arran was singularly adroit in all kinds of exercises,

played well at tennis, and on the guittar, and was pretty successful in gallantry: his elder brother, the Earl of Ossory, was not so lively, but of the most liberal sentiments, and of great probity.

The elder of the Hamiltons, their cousin, was the man who of all the court dressed best: he was well made in his person, and possessed those happy talents which lead to fortune, and procure success in love: he was a most assiduous courtier, had the most lively wit, the most polished manners, and the most punctual attention to his master imaginable: no person danced better, nor was any one a more general lover: a merit of some account in a court entirely devoted to love and gallantry. It is not at all surprizing, that with these qualities he succeeded my Lord Falmouth in the king's favour;

but it is very extraordinary that he should have experienced the same destiny, as if this war had been declared against merit only, and as if this sort of combat was fatal to none but such as had certain hopes of a splendid fortune. This however did not happen until some years afterwards.

The handsome Sidney, less dangerous than he appeared to be, had not sufficient vivacity to support the impression which his figure made; but little Jermyn was on all sides successful in his intrigues. The old Earl of Saint Albans, his uncle, had for a long time adopted him, though the youngest of all his nephews. It is well known what a table the good man kept at Paris, while the King his master was starving at Brussels, and the Queen Dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France.

Jermyn, supported by his uncle's wealth, found it no difficult matter to make a considerable figure upon his arrival at the court of the Princess of Orange: the poor courtiers of the King her brother could not vie with him in point of equipage and magnificence; and these two articles often produce as much success in love as real merit. For the truth of this we need no other example than the present; for though Jermyn was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank to set him off; and as for his figure, he had nothing to boast of in it. He was diminutive in his person, his head large, and his legs small: his features were not disagreeable; but he was extremely affected in his carriage and behaviour. His wit consisted entirely in expressions

learnt by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery, or in love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in amours.

The Princess Royal was the first who was taken with him: Miss Hyde seemed to follow the steps of her mistress: this immediately brought him into credit, and his reputation was established in England before his arrival. Prepossession in the minds of women is sufficient to procure access to their hearts: Jermyn found them in dispositions so favourable for him, that he had nothing to do but to speak.

It was in vain they perceived that a reputation so lightly established, was still more feebly sustained; the infatuation continued. The Countess of Castlemaine, a woman lively and dis-

cerning, followed the delusive shadow, and though undeceived in a reputation which promised so much, and performed so little, she nevertheless persisted in her attachment, until she was upon the point of embroiling herself with the King; so great was this first instance of her constancy.

Such were the heroes of the court. As for the beauties, you could not look round without seeing them in every direction: those of the greatest reputation were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterward Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Middleton, the Miss Brooks, and a hundred others, who shone at court with equal lustre; but Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart were its chief ornaments. The new Queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court,

either in her person, or in her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in quality of lady of the bed-chamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster; who took the title of governess to those extraordinary beauties.

Among the men were Francisco de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together: he was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the nick-name of Peter of the Wood. Poor Pedro was so enraged at this, that after many

fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, he was at last obliged to quit England, leaving to the happy Buckingham the possession of a Portuguese nymph whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names, and still more hideous than any of the Queen's maids of honour. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, apparently without employment, who called himself her Highness's barber. Katharine de Braganza was far from appearing with splendor in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful. The Chevalier de Grammont, who had been long known to the royal family, and to most of the gentlemen of the court, had only to get acquainted with the ladies; and for this he wanted no in-

Freeman Sc.

CATHARINE of BRAGANZA.

Pub July. 1. 1808. by John White Fleet Str.t & John Scott. 442. Strand.

terpreter: they all spoke French enough to explain themselves, and they all undersood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say to them.

The Queen's court was always very numerous: that of the Duchess was less so, but more select. This Princess had a majestic air, a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her: an air of grandeur in all her actions made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne. The Queen Dowager returned after the marriage of the Princess Royal, and it was in her court that the two others met.

The Chevalier de Grammont was

soon liked by all parties: those who had not known him before, were surprized to see a Frenchman of his disposition. The King's restoration having drawn a great number of foreigners from all countries to the court, the French were at first rather in disgrace; for, instead of any persons of distinction having appeared among the first who came over, there had only been some insignificant puppies, each striving to outdo the other in folly and extravagance, despising every thing which was not like themselves, and thinking they introduced the *bel air*, by treating the English as strangers in their own country.

The Chevalier de Grammont, on the contrary, was familiar with every body: he gave into their customs, eat of every thing, praised every thing, and easily habituated himself to their

manner of living, which he looked upon as neither vulgar nor barbarous; and as he shewed a natural complaisance, instead of the impertinent affectation of the others, the whole nation was charmed with a man, who agreeably indemnified them for what they had suffered from the folly of the former.

He first of all paid his court to the King, and became one of all his parties of pleasure: he played high, and lost but seldom: he found so little difference in the manners and conversation of those with whom he chiefly associated, that he could scarcely believe he was out of his own country. Every thing, which could agreeably engage a man of his disposition, presented itself to his different humours, as if the pleasures of the court of France had

quitted it to accompany him in his exile.

He was every day engaged to some entertainment; and those who wished to regale him in their turn, were obliged to take their measures in time, and to invite him eight or ten days before hand. These importunate civilities became tiresome in the long-run; but as they seemed indispensable to a man of his disposition, and as they were the most genteel people of the court who loaded him with them, he submitted with a good grace; but always reserved to himself the liberty of supping at home.

His supper hour depended upon play, and was indeed very uncertain; but his supper was always served up with the greatest elegance, by the assistance of one or two servants, who

were excellent caterers and good attendants, but undersood cheating still better.

The company, at these little entertainments, was not numerous, but select: the first people of the court were commonly of the party; but the man, who of all others suited him best on these occasions, never failed to attend: this was the celebrated Saint Evremond, who with great exactness, but too great freedom, had written the history of the treaty of the Pyrenees: an exile like himself, though for very different reasons.

Happily for them both, fortune had, some time before the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, brought Saint Evremond to England, after he had had leisure to repent in Holland of the beauties of that famous satire.

The Chevalier was from that time

his hero: they had each of them attained to all the advantages which a knowledge of the world, and the society of people of fashion, could add to the improvement of good natural talents. Saint Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, frequently gave little lectures to the Chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavoured to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future. 'You are now,' said he, 'in 'the most agreeable way of life a man 'of your temper can desire: you are 'the delight of a youthful, sprightly, 'and gallant court: the King never 'has a party of pleasure to which you 'are not admitted. You play from 'morning to night, or, to speak more 'properly, from night to morning, 'without knowing what it is to lose. 'Far from losing the money you

'brought hither, as you have done in
'other places, you have doubled it,
'trebled it, multiplied it almost be-
'yond your wishes, notwithstanding
'the exorbitant expences you are im-
'perceptibly led into. This, without
'doubt, is the most desirable situation
'in the world: stop here, Chevalier,
'and do not ruin your affairs, by re-
'turning to your old sins. Avoid love,
'by pursuing other pleasures: love has
'never been favourable to you. You
'are sensible how much gallantry has
'cost you; and every person here is
'not so well acquainted with that mat-
'ter as yourself. Play boldly: enter-
'tain the court with your wit: divert
'the King by your ingenious and en-
'tertaining stories; but avoid all en-
'gagements which can deprive you of
'this merit, and make you forget that

'you are a stranger and an exile in 'this delightful country.

'Fortune may grow weary of be- 'friending you at play. What would 'have become of you, if your last mis- 'fortune had happened to you, when 'your money had been at as low an 'ebb as I have known it? Attend care- 'fully then to this necessary deity, and 'renounce the other. You will be 'missed at the court of France, before 'you grow weary of this; but be that 'as it may, lay up a good store of 'money: when a man is rich, he con- 'soles himself for his banishment. I 'know you well, my dear Chevalier: 'if you take it into your head to se- 'duce a lady, or to supplant a lover, 'your gains at play will by no means 'suffice for presents and for bribes: 'no, let play be as productive to you

'as it can be, you will never gain so 'much by it, as you will lose by love, 'if you yield to it.

'You are in possession of a thou-'sand splendid qualifications which 'distinguish you here: generous, be-'nevolent, elegant, and polite; and 'for your engaging wit, inimitable. 'Upon a strict examination, perhaps, 'all this would not be found literally 'true; but these are brilliant marks; 'and since it is granted that you pos-'sess them, do not shew yourself here 'in any other light: for, in love, if 'your manner of paying your addresses 'can be so denominated, you do not in 'the least resemble the picture I have 'just now drawn.'

'My little philosophical monitor,' said the Chevalier de Grammont, 'you 'talk here as if you were the Cato of 'Normandy.' 'Do I say any thing

'untrue?' replied Saint Evremond:' 'Is it not a fact, that as soon as a 'woman pleases you, your first care is 'to find out whether she has any other 'lover, and your second how to plague 'her?—the gaining her affection is 'the last thing in your thoughts. You 'seldom engage in intrigues, but to 'disturb the happiness of others: a 'mistress who has no lovers, would 'have no charms for you, and if she 'has, she would be invaluable. Do 'not all the places through which you 'have passed furnish me with a thou-'sand examples? shall I mention your '*coup d'essai* at Turin? the trick you 'played at Fontainbleau, where you 'robbed the Princess Palatine's courier 'upon the high-way? and for what 'purpose was this fine exploit, but to 'put you in possession of some proofs 'of her affection for another, in order

'to give her uneasiness and confusion
'by reproaches and menaces, which
'you had no right to make use of?

'Who but yourself ever took it
'into his head to place himself in am-
'bush upon the stairs, to disturb a
'man in an intrigue, and to pull him
'back by the leg when he was half
'way up to his mistress's chamber?
'yet did not you use your friend the
'Duke of Buckingham in this manner,
'when he was stealing at night to—
'although you were not in the least
'his rival? How many spies did not
'you send out after d'Olonne? How
'many tricks, frauds, and persecutions,
'did you not practise for the Countess
'de Fiesque, who perhaps might have
'been constant to you, if you had not
'yourself forced her to be otherwise?
'But, to conclude, (for the enumera-
'tion of your iniquities would be end-

'less), give me leave to ask you, why 'you came here? Are not we obliged 'to that same evil genius of yours, 'which rashly inspired you to inter-'meddle even in the gallantries of your 'Prince? Shew some discretion then 'on this point in this place, I beseech 'you: all the beauties of the court are 'already engaged; and however easy 'the English may be with respect to 'their wives, they can by no means 'bear the inconstancy of their mis-'tresses, nor patiently suffer the ad-'vantages of a rival: suffer them there-'fore to remain in tranquillity, and 'do not gain their ill-will for no pur-'pose.

'You certainly will meet with no 'success with such as are unmarried: 'honourable views, and good landed 'property, are required here; and you 'have as little of the one as the other.

'Every country has its customs: in 'Holland unmarried ladies are of easy 'access, and of tender dispositions; 'but as soon as ever they are married, 'they become so many Lucretias: in 'France, the women are great co- 'quettes before marriage, and still 'greater afterwards; but here it is a 'miracle if a young lady yields to any 'proposal but that of matrimony; and 'I do not believe you yet so destitute 'of grace as to think of that.'

Such were Saint Evremond's lectures; but they produced no effect: the Chevalier de Grammont only attended to them for his amusement; and though he was sensible of the truth they contained, he paid little regard to them: in fact, being weary of the favours of fortune, he had just resolved to pursue those of love.

Mrs. Middleton was the first whom

he attacked: she was one of the handsomest women in town, though then little known at court: so much of a coquette as to discourage no one; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expence. All this suited the Chevalier de Grammont; therefore, without trifling away his time in useless ceremonies, he applied to her porter for admittance, and chose one of her lovers for his confidant.

This lover, who was not deficient in wit, was at that time a Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh: what engaged him to serve the Chevalier de Grammont, was to traverse the designs of a most dangerous rival, and to relieve himself from an expence which began to lie too heavy upon him. In

both respects the Chevalier answered his purpose.

Immediately spies were placed, letters and presents flew about: he was received as well as he could wish: he was permitted to ogle: he was even ogled again; but this was all: he found that the fair one was very willing to accept, but was tardy in making returns. This induced him, without giving up his pretensions to her, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Among the Queen's maids of honour, there was one called Warmestre: she was a beauty very different from the other. Mrs. Middleton was well made, fair and delicate; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent languishing airs she gave herself did not please every body: people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy,

which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself; and instead of entertaining she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble, that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only established her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty.

Miss Warmestre was brown: she had no shape at all, and still less air; but she had a very lively complexion, very sparkling eyes, tempting looks, which spared nothing that might engage a lover, and promised every thing which could preserve him. In the end, it very plainly appeared that her consent went along with her eyes to the last degree of indiscretion.

It was between these two goddesses that the inclinations of the Chevalier

de Grammont stood wavering, and between whom his presents were divided. Perfumed gloves, pocket looking-glasses, elegant boxes, apricot paste, essences, and other small wares of love, arrived every week from Paris, with some new suit for himself; but, with regard to more solid presents, such as ear-rings, diamonds, brilliants, and bright guineas, all these were to be met with of the best sort in London, and the ladies were as well pleased with them as if they had been brought from abroad.

Miss Stewart's beauty began at this time to be celebrated. The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the King paid attention to her; but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favoured, as far as she was able, this new inclination, whether from an indiscretion common to all those who think them-

selves superior to the rest of mankind, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the King's attention from her connection with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with appearing without any degree of uneasiness at a preference which all the court began to remark: she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favourite, and invited her to all the entertainments she made for the King; and, in confidence of her own charms, with the greatest indiscretion, she often kept her to sleep. The King, who seldom neglected to visit the Countess before she rose, seldom failed likewise to find Miss Stewart in bed with her. The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment: however, the imprudent Countess was not jealous of this rival's appearing with her, in such a situation, being confident, that

whenever she thought fit, she could triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities could afford Miss Stewart; but she was quite mistaken.

The Chevalier de Grammont took notice of this conduct, without being able to comprehend it; but, as he was attentive to the inclinations of the King, he began to make his court to him, by enhancing the merit of this new mistress. Her figure was more shewy than engaging: it was hardly possible for a woman to have less wit, or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular; but her shape was not good: yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother-tongue: she was well bred, and possessed, in perfection, that air of dress which is so much ad-

mired, and which is very rarely attained, unless acquired when young, in France. While her charms were gaining ground in the King's heart, the Countess of Castlemaine amused herself in the gratification of all her caprices.

Mrs. Hyde was one of the first of the beauties who were prejudiced with a blind prepossession in favour of Jermyn: she had just married a man whom she loved: by this marriage she became sister-in-law to the Duchess of York; brilliant by her own native lustre, and full of pleasantry and wit. However, she was of opinion, that so long as she was not talked of on account of Jermyn, all her other advantages would avail nothing for her glory: and in order to accomplish her wishes, she determined to make advances to him.

Mrs. Hyde, Lady Rochester.

From the Original by Sr. Pr. Lely. at Windsor.

Pub. July. 1. 1808. by John White. Fleet St. & John Scott. 442. Strand.

Freeman fc.

JACOB HALL,

the ROPE DANCER.

Pub. July 1. 1808. by John White. Fleet St. & John Scott. Strand.

She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprizingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and, when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something more.

Jermyn accepted of her at first; but, being soon puzzled what to do with her, he thought it best to sacrifice her to Lady Castlemaine. The sacrifice was far from being displeasing to her: it was much to her glory to have carried off Jermyn from so many competitors; but this was of no consequence in the end.

Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was at that time in vogue in London: his strength and agility charmed in

public, even to a wish to know what he was in private; for he appeared, in his tumbling dress, to be quite of a different make, and to have limbs very different from the fortunate Jermyn. The tumbler did not deceive Lady Castlemaine's expectations, if report may be believed; and, as was intimated in many a song, much more to the honour of the rope-dancer than of the Countess; but she despised all these rumours, and only appeared still more handsome.

While satire thus found employment at her expence, there were continual contests for the favours of another beauty, who was not much more niggardly in that way than herself: this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been one of her first admirers, was not one of the last to desert her: this beauty,

less famous for her conquests, than for the misfortunes she occasioned, placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than any other. As no person could boast of having the exclusive enjoyment of her favours, so no person could complain of having been ill received.

Jermyn was displeased that she had made no advances to him, without considering that she had no leisure for it: his pride was offended; but the attempt which he made to take her from the rest of her lovers, was very ill-advised.

Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle, was one of them: there was not a braver, nor a more genteel man, in England; and though he was of a modest demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited, nor more

passionate. Lady Shrewsbury, inconsiderately returning the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, did not at all make herself more agreeable to Howard: that, however, she paid little attention to; yet, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had often proposed, and which she durst no longer refuse. A place of amusement, called Spring Garden, was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment.

As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes: this soldier was therefore at the entertainment. Jermyn was at the garden, as by chance; and, puffed up with his former successes, he trusted to his

victorious air for accomplishing this last enterprize: he no sooner appeared on the walks, than her ladyship shewed herself upon the balcony.

I know not how she stood affected to her hero; but Howard did not fancy him much: this did not prevent his coming up stairs, upon the first sign she made to him; and not content with acting the petty tyrant, at an entertainment not made for himself, no sooner had he gained the soft looks of the fair one, than he exhausted all his common-place, and all his stock of low irony, in railing at the entertainment, and ridiculing the music.

Howard possessed but little raillery, and still less patience: three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood; but three times did he suppress his natural impetuosity,

in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom.

Jermyn, without paying the least attention to his ill-humour, pursued his point, continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended.

He went to bed, proud of this triumph, and was waked next morning by a challenge: he took, for his second, Giles Rawlings, a man of intrigue, and a deep player. Howard took Dillon, who was dexterous and brave, much of a gentleman, and, unfortunately, an intimate friend to Rawlings.

In this duel fortune did not side with the votaries of love: poor Rawlings was left stone dead; and Jermyn, having received three wounds, was carried to his uncle's, with very little signs of life.

While the report of this event engaged the courtiers, according to their several interests, the Chevalier de Grammont was informed by Jones, his friend, his confident, and his rival, that there was another gentleman very attentive to Mrs. Middleton. This was Montagu, no very dangerous rival on account of his person, but very much to be feared for his assiduity, the acuteness of his wit, and for some other talents, which are of importance, when a man is once permitted to display them.

There needed not half so much to bring into action all the Chevalier's vivacity, in point of competition: jealousy awakened in him whatever expedients the desire of revenge, malice, and experience, could suggest, for troubling the designs of a rival, and tormenting a mistress. His first inten-

tion was to return her letters, and demand his presents, before he began to tease her; but, rejecting this project, as too weak a revenge for the injustice done him, he was upon the point of conspiring the destruction of poor Mrs. Middleton, when, by accident, he met with Miss Hamilton. From that moment ended all his resentment against Mrs. Middleton, and all his attachment to Miss Warmestre: no longer was he inconstant: no longer were his wishes fluctuating: this object fixed them all; and, of all his former habits, none remained, except uneasiness and jealousy.

Here his first care was to please; but he very plainly saw, that, to succeed, he must act in a very different manner to what he had done in former instances.

The family of the Hamiltons, being

very numerous, lived in a large and commodious house near the court: the Duke of Ormond's family was continually with them; and here persons of the greatest distinction in London constantly met: the Chevalier de Grammont was here received in a manner agreeable to his merit and quality, and was astonished that he had spent so much time in other places; for, after having made this acquaintance, he was desirous of no other.

All the world agree, that Miss Hamilton was worthy of the most ardent and sincere affection: nobody could boast a nobler birth, nothing could be more charming than her person.

NOTES

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

P. 5. *Bussi and St. Evremont.*] Voltaire, in the Age of Lewis XIV. ch. 24, speaking of that monarch, says, 'even at the same time when he began to encourage genius by his liberality, the Count de Bussi was severely punished for the use he made of his: he was sent to the Bastile in 1664. THE AMOURS OF THE GAULS was the pretence of his imprisonment; but the true cause was the song, in which the king was treated with too much freedom, and which, upon this occasion, was brought to remembrance to ruin Bussi, the reputed author of it.

Que Deodatus est heureux,
De baiser ce bec amoreux,
Qui d'une oreille à l'autre va!

See Deodatus with his billing dear,
Whose amorous mouth breathes love from ear to ear.

'His works were not good enough to compensate for the mischief they did him. He spoke his own language with purity; he had some merit, but more conceit: and he made no use of the merit he had, but to make himself enemies.' Voltaire adds, 'Bussi was released at the end of eighteen months: but he was in disgrace all the rest of his life, in vain protesting a regard for Lewis XIV.' Bussi died 1693. Of St. Evremont, see note on p. 187.

P. 7. *Louis XIII.*] Son and successor of Henry IV. He began to reign 14th May, 1610, and died 14th May, 1643.

Ibid. *Cardinal de Richelieu.*] Of this great minister Mr. Hume gives the following character.—"This man had no sooner, by suppleness and intrigue, gotten possession of the reins of government, than he formed at once three mighty projects; to subdue the turbulent spirits of the great, to reduce the rebellious Hugonots, and to curb the encroaching power of the House of Austria. Undaunted and implacable, prudent and active, he braved all the opposition of the French princes and nobles in the pro-

secution of his vengeance; he discovered and dissipated all their secret cabals and conspiracies. His sovereign himself he held in subjection, while he exalted the throne. The people, while they lost their liberties, acquired by means of his administration, learning, order, discipline, and renown. That confused and inaccurate genius of government, of which France partook in common with other European kingdoms, he changed into a simple monarchy; at the very time, when the incapacity of Buckingham encouraged the free spirit of the commons to establish in England a regular system of liberty.' (*History of England*, Vol. IV. p. 232.) Cardinal Richelieu died December 1642.

P. 8. *Siege of Trino.*] Trino was taken August 1643.

P. 9. *Prince Thomas*] Of Savoy, uncle of the reigning duke. He died 1656.

Ibid. *As the post of Lieutenant General was not then known.* The author has here committed a mistake, for in the year 1638, while the Duke of Weimar was besieging Brisac, Cardinal Richelieu sent him two reinforcements under the conduct of Turenne and the

Count de Guébriant, as LIEUTENANT-GENERALS, a rank till that time not known in France.—*Memoires de Turenne.*

Ibid. *Du Plessis Praslin.*] Afterwards Maréchal and Duke de Choiseul. He retired from the army in 1672. Monsieur Henault, in his History of France under that year, says, 'Le Maréchal du Plessis ne fit pas cette campagne à cause de son grand âge; il dit au roi, qu'il portoit envie à ses enfans, qui avoient l'honneur de servir sa majesté, que pour lui il souhaitoit la mort, puisqu'il n'etoit plus bon a rien: le roi l'embrassa, et lui dit: *M. le Maréchal, on ne travaille que pour approcher de la reputation que vous avez acquis; il est agreable de se reposer après tant de victoires.*'

Ibid. *Viscount Turenne.*] This great general was killed July 27, 1675, by a cannon shot, near the village of Saltzback, in going to choose a place whereon to erect a battery.—'No one,' says Voltaire, 'is ignorant of the circumstances of his death; but we cannot here refrain a review of the principal of them, for the same reason that they are still talked of every day. It seems as if one

could not too often repeat, that the same bullet which killed him, having shot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant general of the artillery, his son came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears: but the father, looking towards Turenne, said, 'It is not I, but that great man, who should be lamented.' These words may be compared with the most heroic sayings recorded in all history; and the best eulogy that can be bestowed upon Turenne. It is uncommon under a despotic government, where people are actuated only by their private interests, for those who have served their country to die regretted by the public. Nevertheless, Turenne was lamented both by the soldiers and people; and Louvois was the only one who rejoiced at his death. The honours which the king ordered to be paid to his memory are known to every one; and that he was interred at St. Denis, in the same manner as the Constable du Guesclin, above whom he was elevated by the voice of the public, as much as the age of Turenne was superior to the age of the constable.

'Turenne had not always been successful

in his wars: he had been defeated at Mariendal, Retel, and Cambray: he had also committed errors, and was himself so great a man as to confess them. He never made great and celebrated conquests, nor ever gained those great and important victories, by which nations are subjected: but having always repaired his defeats, and done a great deal with a little, he was regarded as the greatest general in Europe, at a time when the art of war was more studied and better understood than ever. Moreover, though he was reproached for his infidelity in the wars of the Fronde; though, at the age of sixty years, love made him reveal the secrets of the state; and though he had exercised cruelties in the Palatinate, which did not appear necessary; yet he had always the happiness to preserve the reputation of an honest, wise, and moderate man; because his virtues and his great abilities, which were peculiar to himself, made those errors and weaknesses pardonable in him, which he had in common with the rest of mankind. If he can be compared to any one, we presume, that among all the generals of the preceding

ages, Gonzalvo de Cordova, surnamed the Great General, is the man whom he most resembles.'—*The Age of Lewis IV. ch.* 11.

P. 10. *Of this number was Matta.*] He died in 1674. 'Matta est mort sans confession,' says Madame Maintenon in a letter to her brother. Tome I. p. 67.

P. 17. *Cæsars de Vendosme.*] Cæsar Duke de Vendosme, was the eldest son of Henry IV. by the celebrated Gabriel d'Estrees. He died in 1665.

P. 18. *The college of Pau.*] *Pau* was the capital of the principality of *Bearn,* and lies on an eminence on the *Gave Bearnois,* being indeed small and well built; and formerly the seat of a parliament, a bailiwick, and a chamber of accounts. In the palace here was born Henry IV. Exclusive of an academy of sciences and liberal arts, there was in it a college of Jesuits, with five convents, and two hospitals.

P. 22. *Bidache.*] A principality belonging to the family of the Grammonts, in the province of Gascogny.

P. 53. *The Baron de Batteville.*] This officer appears to have been the same person

who was afterwards ambassador from Spain to the court of Great Britain, where, in the summer of 1660, he offended the French court, by claiming precedence of their ambassador, Count D'Estrades, on the public entry of the Swedish ambassador into London. On this occasion the court of France compelled its rival of Spain to submit to the mortifying circumstance of acknowledging the French superiority. To commemorate this important victory, Lewis XIV. caused a medal to be struck, representing the Spanish ambassador, Marquis de Fuente, making the declaration to that king, 'No concurrer con los ambassadores de Francia,' with this inscription, 'Jus præcedendi assertum,' and under it, 'Hispanorum excusatio coram xxx legatis principum, 1662.' A very curious account of the fray occasioned by this dispute, drawn up by Mr. Evelyn, is to be seen in that gentleman's article in the Biographia Britannica. Lord Clarendon, speaking of Baron de Batteville, says he was born in Burgundy, in the Spanish quarters, and bred a soldier; in which profession he was an officer of note, and at that time was governor

of St. Sebastian's, and of that province. He seemed a rough man, and to have more of the camp, but in truth, knew the intrigues of a court better than most Spaniards; and except when his passion surprised him, was wary and cunning in his negotiation. He lived with less reservation and more jollity than the ministers of that crown used to do; and drew such of the court to his table and conversation, who he observed were loud talkers, and confident enough in the king's presence.—*Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 84.

P. 58. *Madame Royale.*] Christina, second daughter of Henry IV. married to Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Duke of Savoy. She seems to have been well entitled to the character here given of her. Keysler, in his Travels, Vol. I. p. 239, speaking of a fine villa, called La Vigne de Madame Royale, near Turin, says, 'during the minority under the regent Christina, both the house and garden were often the scenes of riot and debauchery. On this account, in the king's advanced age, when he was as it were inflamed with an external flame of religion, and with which possibly the admo-

nitions of his father confessor might concur, this place became so odious to him, that upon the death of Madame Royale he bestowed it on the hospital.' She died in 1663.

P. 60. *The Marchioness de Senantes.*] Lord Orford says, the family of Senantes still remains in Piedmont, and bears the title of Marquis de Carailles.

P. 64. *La Venerie.*] This place is thus described by Keysler. Travels, Vol. I. p. 235.—'The palace most frequented by the royal family is La Venerie, the court generally continuing there from the Spring to December. It is about a league from Turin: the road that leads to it is well paved, and the greatest part of it planted with trees on each side: it is not always in a direct line, but runs a little winding between fine meadows, fields, and vineyards.' After describing the palace as it then was, he adds, 'The palace garden at present consists only of hedges and walks, whereas formerly it had fine water-works and grottos, besides the fountain of Hercules and the temple of Diana, of which a description may be seen in the Nouveau Theatre de Piedmont. But

now nothing of these remains, being gone to ruin, partly by the ravages of the French, and partly by the king's order that they should be demolished, to make room for something else; but those vacuities have not yet, and probably will not very soon be filled up.'

P. 119. *The Prince de Condé.*] Lewis of Bourbon, Duke d'Enguien, afterwards, by the death of his father in 1646, Prince de Condé. Of this great man Cardinal de Retz says, 'he was born a general, which never happened but to Cæsar, to Spinola, and to himself. He has equalled the first: he has surpassed the second. Intrepidity is one of the least shining strokes in his character. Nature had formed him with a mind as great as his courage. Fortune, in setting him out in a time of wars, has given this last a full extent to work in: his birth, or rather his education, in a family devoted and enslaved to the court, has kept the first within too strait bounds. He was not taught time enough the great and general maxims which alone are able to form men to think always

consistently. He never had time to learn them of himself, because he was prevented, from his youth, by the great affairs that fell unexpectedly to his share; and by the continual success he met with. This defect in him was the cause, that with the soul in the world the least inclined to evil, he has committed injuries; that with the heart of an Alexander, he has, like him, had his failings; that with a wonderful understanding, he has acted imprudently; that having all the qualities which the Duke Francis of Guise had, he has not served the state in some occasions so well as he ought; and that having likewise all the qualities of the Duke Henry of Guise, he has not carried faction so far as he might. He could not come up to the height of his merit; which though it be a defect, must yet be owned to be very uncommon, and only to be found in persons of the greatest abilities.' *Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 248, edit. 1723. He retired from the army soon after the death of Turenne to Chantilly, 'from 'whence, says Voltaire, 'he very rarely came to Versailles, to behold his glory eclipsed in

a place where the courtier never regards any thing but favour. He passed the remainder of his days, tormented with the gout, relieving the severity of his pains, and employing the leisure of his retreat, in the conversation of men of genius of all kinds, with which France then abounded. He was worthy of their conversation; as he was not unacquainted with any of those arts and sciences in which they shone. He continued to be admired even in his retreat; but at last that devouring fire, which in his youth had made him a hero, impetuous and full of passions, having consumed the strength of his body, which was naturally rather agile than robust, he declined before his time; and the strength of his mind decaying with that of his body, there remained nothing of the great Condé, during the last two years of his life: he died in 1686.' *Age of Lewis XIV.* chap. 11. He was aged 66 years.'

P. 119. *Battles of Lens, Norlinguen, and Fribourg.*] These were fought in the years 1648, 1645, and 1644.

P. 121. *The Queen.*] Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, widow of Lewis XIII. to whom she was married in 1615, and mother of Lewis XIV. She died in 1666. Cardinal de Retz speaks of her in the following terms. 'The queen had more than any body whom I ever knew, of that sort of wit which was necessary for her not to appear a fool to those that did not know her. She had in her more of harshness than haughtiness; more of haughtiness than of greatness; more of outward appearance than reality; more regard to money than liberality; more of liberality than of self-interest; more of self-interest than disinterestedness: she was more tied to persons by habit than by affection; she had more of insensibility than of cruelty; she had a better memory for injuries than for benefits; her intention towards piety was greater than her piety; she had in her more of obstinacy than of firmness; and more incapacity than of all the rest which I mentioned before.' *Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 247.

Ibid. *The policy of the Minister.*] Car-

dinal Mazarine, who during a few of the latter years of his life governed France. He died at Vincennes the 9th of March, 1661, aged 59 years, leaving as heir to his name and property the Marquis de la Meilleray, who married his niece, and took the title of Duke of Mazarine. On his death Lewis XIV. and the court appeared in mourning, an honour not common, though Henry IV. had shewn it to the memory of Gabrielle d'Etreés. Voltaire, who appears unwilling to ascribe much ability to the Cardinal, takes an opportunity, on occasion of his death, to make the following observation.—'We cannot refrain from combating the opinion, which supposes prodigious abilities, and a genius almost divine, in those who have governed empires with some degree of success. It is not a superior penetration that makes statesmen; it is their character. All men, how inconsiderable soever their share of sense may be, see their own interest nearly alike. A citizen of Bern or Amsterdam, in this respect, is equal to Sejanus, Ximenes, Buckingham, Richelieu, or Mazarine; but our

conduct, and our enterprizes, depend absolutely on our natural dispositions, and our success depends upon fortune.' *Age of Lewis XIV.* chap. 5.

P. 124. *The archduke.*] Leopold, brother of the Emperor Ferdinand III.

Ibid. *Peronne.*] A little but strong town, standing among marshes on the river Somme, in Picardy.

P. 125. *The battle of Rocroy.*] This famous battle was fought and won 19th May, 1643, five days after the death of Lewis XIII.

Ibid. *The Siege of Arras.*] Voltaire observes, that it was the fortune of Turenne and Condé to be always victorious when they fought at the head of the French, and to be vanquished when they commanded the Spaniards. This was Condé's fate before Arras, August 25, 1654, when he and the archduke besieged that city. Turenne attacked them in their camp, and forced their lines: the troops of the archduke were cut to pieces; and Condé with two regiments of French and Lorrainers, alone sustained the efforts of Turenne's army; and while the

archduke was flying he defeated the Marshal de Hoquincourt, repulsed the Marshal de la Ferté, and retreated victoriously himself, by covering the retreat of the vanquished Spaniards. The King of Spain's in his letter to him after this engagement, contained these words: 'I have been informed that every thing was lost, and that you have recovered every thing.'

P. 129. *The Duke of York.*] Priorato, in his Memoirs of Cardinal Mazarine, mentions other Englishmen besides the Duke of York being present; as Gerard, Berkely, and Jermyn, with others. *Memoirs*, 12mo. 1673. Tome I. pt. 3. p. 365. See also the *Duke of York's Memoirs.*

Ibid. *Marquis de Humieres.*] Lewis de Crevans, Marechal of France. He died 1694. Voltaire says of him, that he was the first who at the siege of Arras, in 1654, was served in silver in the trenches, and had ragouts and entremets served up to his table.

P. 139. *Montmorency.*] Henry Duke of Montmorency, who was taken prisoner 1st

September, 1632, and had his head struck off at Thoulouse in the month of November following.

P. 145. *Bapaume,*] A fortified town in Artois, seated in a barren country, without rivers or springs; and having an old palace, which gave rise to the town, with a particular governor of its own, a royal and forest court. In 1641 the French took it from the Spaniards.

P. 152. *Without doubt he would have given him some severe reply.*] This spirit seems not always to have attended him in his transactions with the cardinal. On occasion of the entry of the king in 1660, 'Le Chevalier de Grammont, Rouville, Bellefonds, and some other courtiers attended in the cardinal's suite, a degree of flattery which astonished every body who knew him. I was informed that the Chevalier wore a very rich olive-coloured dress on that occasion.' *Lettres de Maintenon,* Tome I. p. 32.

P. 153. *Peter Mazarine.*] Peter Mazarine was father to the cardinal. He was a

native of Palermo in Sicily, which place he left in order to settle at Rome, where he died in the year 1654.

P. 158. *The peace of the Pyrenees.*] This treaty was concluded 7th November, 1659.

Ibid. *The king's marriage.*] Lewis XIV. with Mary Theresa of Austria. She was born 20th September 1638, married 1st June, 1660, and entered Paris 26th August following. She died at Versailles 30th July, 1683, and was buried at St. Denis.

Ibid. *The return of Prince de Condé.*] 11th April.—See *De Retz's Memoirs,* Vol. III. p. 119.

P. 163. *La Motte Houdancourt,——Meneville.*] These two ladies at this period seem to have made a distinguished figure in the annals of gallantry. One of their contemporaries mentions them in these terms: 'in this case, perhaps, I can give a better account than most people; as for instance, they had raised a report, when the queen-mother expelled Mademoiselle de la Motte Agencourt, that it was on his score, when I am assured upon very good grounds that it

was for entertaining the Marquis de Richelieu against her majesty's express command. This lady, who was one of her maids of honour, was a person whom I was particularly acquainted with; and that so much, that I was supposed to have a passion for her: she was counted one of the finest women of the court, and therefore I was not at all displeased to have it thought so: for except Mademoiselle de Meneville (who had her admirers) there was none that could pretend to dispute it.' *Memoirs of the Count de Rochford,* 1696, p. 210. See also *Anquetil Louis XIV. sa Cour et le Regent,* Tome I. p. 46.

P. 168. *Exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.*] Bishop Burnet confirms this account. 'With the restoration of the king,' says he, 'a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation, that brought on with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their

morals. Under the colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders, and much riot every where: and the pretences of religion, both in those of the hypocritical sort, and of the more honest but no less pernicious enthusiasts, gave great advantages, as well as they furnished much matter to the profane mockers of true piety.'—*History of his own Times,* Vol. I. p. 127. 8vo. edit. Voltaire says, King Charles 'was received at Dover by twenty thousand of his subjects, who fell upon their knees before him; and I have been told by some old men who were of this number, that hardly any of those who were present could refrain from tears.' *Age of Louis XIV.* chap. 5.

Ibid. *The Chevalier Grammont arrived about two years after the restoration.*] Consequently about the year 1662. The king returned 29th May, 1660.

P. 171. *At his coronation.*] The coronation, however, was not until after the deaths of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess of Orange. It was celebrated 22d and 23d April, 1661, with uncommon magnificence;

the whole show, as Lord Clarendon observes, being the most glorious in the order and expence that had ever been seen in England. The procession began from the Tower, and continued so long, that they who rode first were in Fleet-street when the king issued from the Tower. The whole ceremonial took up two days. See *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 29. *Kennet's Register*, 411.

P. 171. *The death of the Duke of Gloucester.*] This event took place September 3d, 1660. He died of the small-pox. 'Though mankind,' as Mr. Macpherson observes, 'are apt to exaggerate the virtues of princes who happen to die in early youth, their praises seem to have done no more than justice to the character of Gloucester. He joined in himself the best qualities of both his brothers: the understanding and good-nature of Charles, to the industry and application of James. The facility of the first, was in him a judicious moderation. The obstinacy of the latter, was in Gloucester a manly firmness of mind. Attached to the religion, and a friend to the constitution of his country,

he was most regretted, when his family regarded these the least. The vulgar, who crowd with eminent virtues and great actions the years which fate denies to their favourites, foresaw future misfortunes in his death; and even the judicious supposed that the measures of Charles might have derived solidity from his judgment and promising parts. The king lamented his death with all the vehemence of an affectionate sorrow.' The Duke of York was much affected with the loss of a brother, whose high merit he much admired. 'He was a prince,' says James, 'of the greatest hopes, undaunted courage, admirable parts, and a clear understanding.' He had a particular talent at languages. Besides the Latin, he was master of the French, the Spanish, the Italian, and Low Dutch. He was, in short, possessed of all the natural qualities, as well as acquired accomplishments necessary to make a great prince. *Macpherson's History of Great Britain,* ch. 1. Bishop Burnet's character of this young prince is also very favour-

able. See *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 238.

P. 171. *Princess Royal.*] Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. born November 4th, 1631, married to the Prince of Orange 2d May, 1641, who died 27th October, 1650. She arrived in England September 23d, and died of the small-pox December 24th, 1660, according to Bishop Burnet, not much lamented. 'She had lived,' says that author, 'in her widowhood for some years with great reputation, kept a decent court, and supported her brothers very liberally; and lived within bounds. But her mother, who had the art of making herself believe any thing she had a mind to, upon a conversation with the queen-mother of France, fancied the King of France might be inclined to marry her. So she wrote to her to come to Paris. In order to that, she made an equipage far above what she could support. So she ran herself into debt, sold all her jewels, and some estates that were in her power as her son's guardian, and was not

only disappointed of that vain expectation, but fell into some misfortunes that lessened the reputation she had formerly lived in.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 238. She was mother of William III.

P. 171. *The reception of the Infanta of Portugal.*] 'The Infanta of Portugal landed in May (1662) at Portsmouth. The king went thither, and was married privately by Lord Aubigny, a secular priest, and almoner to the queen, according to the rites of Rome, in the queen's chamber; none present but the Portuguese ambassador, three more Portuguese of quality, and two or three Portuguese women. What made this necessary was, that the Earl of Sandwich did not marry her by proxy, as usual, before she came away. How this happened, the duke knows not, nor did the chancellor know of this private marriage. The queen would not be bedded till pronounced man and wife by Sheldon, bishop of London.'—Extract 2, from King James II's Journal. *Macpherson's State Papers*, Vol. I. In the same collection is a curious letter from the king to Lord Claren-

don, giving his opinion of the queen after having seen her.

Ibid. *The king was inferior to none.*] Charles II. was born 29th May, 1630, and died 6th February, 1684-5. His character is very amply detailed, and accurately depicted by George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, in a volume published by his granddaughter the Countess of Burlington, 8vo. 1750. See also Burnet, Clarendon, and Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

P. 172. *The Duke of York.*] James Duke of York, afterwards King James II. He was born 15th October, 1633; succeeded his brother 6th February, 1684-5; abdicated the crown in 1688; and died 6th September, 1701. Bishop Burnet's character of him appears not very far from the truth.—'He was,' says this writer, 'very brave in his youth; and so much magnified by Monsieur Turenne, that till his marriage lessened him, he really clouded the king, and passed for the superior genius. He was naturally candid and sincere, and a firm friend, till affairs and his religion wore out all his first prin-

ciples and inclinations. He had a great desire to understand affairs: and in order to that he kept a constant journal of all that passed, of which he shewed me a great deal. The Duke of Buckingham gave me once a short but severe character of the two brothers. It was the more severe, because it was true: the king, he said, could see things if he would; and the duke would see things if he could. He had no true judgment, and was soon determined by those whom he trusted: but he was obstinate against all other advices. He was bred with high notions of kingly authority, and laid it down for a maxim, that all who opposed the king, were rebels in their hearts. He was perpetually in one amour or other, without being very nice in his choice: upon which the king once said, he believed his brother had his mistresses given him by his priests for penance. He was naturally eager and revengeful, and was against the taking off any, that set up in an opposition to the measures of the court, and who by that means grew po-

pular in the house of commons. He was for rougher methods. He continued many years dissembling his religion, and seemed zealous for the church of England. But it was chiefly on design to hinder all propositions, that tended to unite us among ourselves. He was a frugal prince; and brought his court into method and magnificence, for he had 100,000 *l.* a year allowed him. He was made high admiral, and he came to understand all the concerns of the sea very particularly.'

P. 173. *Miss Hyde.*] Miss Anne Hyde, eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. King James mentions this marriage in these terms.—'The king at first refused the Duke of York's marriage with Miss Hyde. Many of the duke's friends and servants opposed it. The king at last consented, and then the Duke of York privately married her, and soon after owned the marriage. Her want of birth was made up by endowments; and her carriage afterwards became her acquired dignity.' Again. 'When his

sister, the princess royal, came to Paris to see the queen-mother, the Duke of York fell in love with Mrs. Anne Hyde, one of her maids of honour. Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his; which she managed so well as to bring his passion to such an height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her; and promised her to do it: and though at first when the duke asked the king his brother for his leave, he refused, and dissuaded him from it; yet at last he opposed it no more; and the duke married her privately, owned it some time after, and was ever after a true friend to the chancellor for several years.' *Macpherson's State Papers*, Vol. I.

Ibid. *Her father.*] Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, 'for his comprehensive knowledge of mankind, styled the chancellor of human nature. His character at this distance of time, may, and ought to be impar-

tially considered. His designing or blinded contemporaries heaped the most unjust abuse upon him. The subsequent age, when the partizans of prerogative were at least the loudest, if not the most numerous, smit with a work that deified their martyr, have been unbounded in their encomium.' *Catalogue of noble Authors*, Vol. II. p. 18. Lord Orford, who professes to steer a middle course, and separate his great virtues as a man, from his faults as an historian, acknowledges that he possessed almost every virtue of a minister, which could make his character venerable. He died in exile in the year 1674.

Ibid. *The Duke of Ormond.*] James Butler, Duke of Ormond, born 19th October, 1610, and died 21st July, 1688. Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Life, observes, that 'he frankly engaged his person and his fortune in the king's service, from the first hour of the troubles, and pursued it with that courage and constancy, that when the king was murdered, and he deserted by the Irish, contrary to the articles of peace

which they had made with him, and when he could make no longer defence, he refused all the conditions which Cromwell offered, who would have given him all his vast estate if he would have been contented to live quietly in some of his own houses, without further concerning himself in the quarrel; and transported himself, without so much as accepting a pass from his authority, in a little weak vessel into France, where he found the king; from whom he never parted till he returned with him into England. Having thus merited as much as a subject can do from a prince, he had much more credit and esteem with the king than any other man.' *Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon*, p. 4. fol. edit. Bishop Burnet says of him, 'he was a man every way fitted for a court. Of a graceful appearance, lively wit, and a cheerful temper. A man of great expence; decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the form of religion. He had gone through many transactions in Ireland with more fidelity than success. He

had made a treaty with the Irish, which was broken by the great body of them, though some few of them adhered still to him. But the whole Irish nation did still pretend, that though they had broke the agreement first, yet he, or rather the king, in whose name he had treated with them, was bound to perform all the articles of the treaty. He had miscarried so in the siege of Dublin, that it very much lessened the opinion of his military conduct. Yet his constant attendance on his master, his easiness to him, and his great suffering for him, raised him to be lord steward of the household, and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He was firm to the protestant religion, and so far firm to the laws, that he always gave good advices: but when bad ones were followed, he was not for complaining too much of them.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 230.

P. 174. *Dissipated without splendour an immense estate upon which he had just entered.*] 'The Duke of Buckingham is again one hundred and forty thousand pounds in

debt; and by this prorogation his creditors have time to tear all his lands to pieces.' *Andrew Marvell's Works*, 4to edit. Vol. I. p. 406.

Ibid. *The Earl of St. Alban's.*] Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's and Baron of St. Edmund's Bury. He was master of the horse to Queen Henrietta, and one of the privy council to Charles II. In July, 1660, he was sent ambassador to the court of France, and in 1671 was made lord chamberlain of his majesty's household. He died January 2d, 1683. Sir John Reresby asserts, that Lord St. Alban's was married to Queen Henrietta. 'The abbess of an English College in Paris, whither the queen used to retire, would tell me,' says Sir John, 'that Lord Jermyn, since St. Alban's, had the queen greatly in awe of him: and indeed it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but that he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so.' *Memoirs*, p. 4.

Ibid. *Sir Charles Berkeley.*] This Sir Charles Berkeley was second son of Sir ——— Berkley, of Bruton in Gloucestershire, and was the principal favourite and companion of the Duke of York in all his campaigns. He was created Baron Berkley of Rathdown, Viscount Fitzharding of Ireland, and Baron Bottetort and Earl of Falmouth in England, 17th March, 1664. He had the address to secure himself in the affections equally of the king and his brother at the same time. Lord Clarendon, who seems to have conceived, and with reason, a prejudice against him, calls him 'a fellow of great wickedness,' and says, 'he was one in whom few other men (except the king) had ever observed any virtue or quality, which they did not wish their best friends without. He was young, and of an insatiable ambition; and a little more experience might have taught him all things which his weak parts were capable of.' *Clarendon's Life,* p. 34, 267. Bishop Burnet, however, is rather more favourable. 'Berk-

ley,' says he, 'was generous in his expence: and it was thought if he had outlived the lewdness of that time, and come to a more sedate course of life, he would have put the king on great and noble designs.' *History*, Vol. I. p. 137. He lost his life in the action at Southwold Bay, the 2d June, 1665, by a shot, which at the same time killed Lord Muskerry and Mr. Boyle, as they were standing on the quarter-deck near the Duke of York, who was covered with their blood. 'Lord Falmouth,' as King James observes, 'died not worth a farthing, though not expensive.' *Macpherson's State Papers*, Vol. I. He was, however, lamented by the king with floods of tears, to the amazement of all who had seen how unshaken he stood on other assaults of fortune.' *Clarendon's Life*, p. 269.

P. 175. *The Earl of Arran.*] Richard Butler, Earl of Arran, fifth son of James Butler, the first Duke of Ormond. He was born 15th July, 1639, and educated with great care, being taught every thing suitable to his birth, and the great affection his pa-

rents had for him. As he grew up, he distinguished himself by a brave and excellent disposition, which determined him to a military life. When the duke his father was first made lord lieutenant of Ireland after the restoration, his majesty was pleased, by his letter dated April 23, 1662, to create Lord Richard, Baron Butler of Cloghgrenan, Viscount Tullogh in the county of Catherlough, and Earl of Arran, with remainder to his brother. In September, 1664, he married Lady Mary Stuart, only surviving daughter of James Duke of Richmond and Lennox, by Mary, the only daughter of the great Duke of Buckingham, who died in July, 1667, at the age of eighteen, and was interred at Kilkenny. He distinguished himself in reducing the mutineers at Carrick-Fergus, and behaved with great courage in the famous sea-fight with the Dutch in 1673. In August that year, he was created Baron Butler of Weston, in the county of Huntingdon. He married, in the preceding June, Dorothy, daughter of John Ferrars of Tamworth

Castle, in Warwickshire, Esq. In 1682, he was constituted lord deputy of Ireland, upon his father's going over to England, and held that office until August, 1684, when the duke returned. In the year 1686, he died at London, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, leaving an only daughter, Charlotte, who was married to Charles Lord Cornwallis.

P. 176. *The Earl of Ossory.*] Thomas Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the first, and father of the last Duke of Ormond, was born at Kilkenny, 8th July, 1634. At the age of twenty-one years he had so much distinguished himself, that Sir Robert Southwell then drew the following character of him. 'He is a young man with a very handsome face; a good head of hair; well set; very good-natured; rides the great horse very well; is a very good tennis-player, fencer, and dancer; understands music, and plays on the guitar and lute; speaks French elegantly; reads Italian fluently; is a good historian; and so well versed in romances, that if a gallery be full of pictures and hangings,

he will tell the stories of all that are there described. He shuts up his door at eight o'clock in the evening, and studies till midnight; he is temperate, courteous, and excellent in all his behaviour.' His death was occasioned by a fever, 30th July, 1680, to the grief of his family and the public.

Ibid. *The elder of the Hamiltons.*] The elder Hamilton, here described, was I conceive James Hamilton, eldest son of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of the Earl of Abercorn, by Mary Butler, third sister to James the first Duke of Ormond; brother to George Hamilton afterwards mentioned, and to Anthony Hamilton the author of these memoirs. This gentleman was a great favourite with King Charles II. who made him a groom of his bedchamber and colonel of a regiment. In an engagement with the Dutch he had one of his legs taken off by a cannon ball, of which wound he died 6th June, 1673, and soon after was brought home, and buried in Westminster abbey.

P. 177. *The handsome Sydney.*] Robert Sydney, third son of the Earl of Leicester, and brother of the famous Algernon Sydney, who was beheaded. This is Lord Orford's account; though, on less authority, I should have been inclined to have considered Henry Sydney, his younger brother, who was afterwards created Earl of Romney, and died 8th April, 1704, as the person intended. There are some circumstances which seem particularly to point to him. Burnet, speaking of him, says, 'he was a graceful man, and *had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public.* He was a man of a sweet and caressing temper, had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure. He had been sent envoy to Holland in the year 1679, where he entered into such particular confidences with the prince, that he had the highest measure of his trust and favour that any Englishman ever had.' *History of his own Times,* Vol. II. p. 494.

In the Essay on Satire, by Dryden and

Howard, he is spoken of in no very decent terms.

'And little Syd. for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long,
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense.'

Robert Sydney died at Penshurst, 1674.

Ibid. *The queen-dowager his mistress lived not over well in France.*] To what a miserable state the queen was reduced may be seen in the following extract from the Memoirs of Cardinal De Retz. 'Four or five days before the king removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in her daughter's chamber, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in she

said, 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company. The poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension, that no tradespeople would trust her for any thing; and that there was not at her lodgings in the Louvre one single billet. You will do me the justice to suppose that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a faggot; but it was not this which the Princess of Condé meant in her letter. What she spoke about was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the parliament to send 40,000 livres to her majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a Princess of England, grand-daughter of Henry the Great, hath wanted a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French court. We read in histories with horror of baseness less

monstrous than this; and the little concern I have met with about it in most people's minds, has obliged me to make, I believe, a thousand times this reflection: that examples of times past move men beyond comparison more than those of their own times. We accustom ourselves to what we see; and I have sometimes told you, that I doubted whether Caligula's horse being made a consul would have surprised us so much as we imagine.' *Memoirs*, Vol. I. p. 261.

P. 178. *Jermyn.*] Henry Jermyn, younger son of Thomas, elder brother of the Earl of St. Alban's. He was created Baron Dover in 1685, and died without children at Cheveley in Cambridgeshire, April 6th, 1708. His corpse was carried to Bruges in Flanders, and buried in the monastery of the Carmelites there. St. Evremond, who visited Mr. Jermyn at Cheveley, says, 'we went thither, and were very kindly received by a person, who, though he has taken his leave of the court, has carried the civility and good taste of it into the country.' *St. Evremond's Works*, Vol. II. p. 223.

P. 179. *The princess royal was the first who was taken with him.*] It was suspected of this princess to have had a similar engagement with the Duke of Buckingham, as the queen with Jermyn, and that was the cause she would not see the duke on his second voyage to Holland, in the year 1652.

Ibid. *The Countess of Castlemaine.*] This lady, who makes so distinguished a figure in the annals of infamy, was Barbara, daughter and heir of William Villiers, Lord Viscount Grandison of the kingdom of Ireland, who died in 1642, in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Edge-hill. She was married, just before the restoration, to Roger Palmer, Esq. then a student in the Temple, and heir to a considerable fortune. In the 13th year of King Charles II. he was created Earl of Castlemaine in the kingdom of Ireland. She had a daughter, born in February, 1661, while she cohabited with her husband; but shortly after she became the avowed mistress of the king, who continued his connection with her until about the year 1672, when she was delivered of a daughter,

which was supposed to be Mr. Churchill's, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and which the king disavowed. Her gallantries were by no means confined to one or two, nor were they unknown to his majesty. In the year 1670, she was created Baroness of Nonsuch in Surrey, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland during her natural life, with remainder to Charles and George Fitzroy, her eldest and third son, and their heirs male. In July, 1705, her husband died, and in November following she married a man of desperate fortune, known by the name of Handsome Fielding, who behaving in a manner unjustifiably severe towards her, she was obliged to have recourse to law for protection. Fortunately it was discovered that Fielding had already a wife living, by which means the duchess was enabled to free herself from his authority. She lived about two years afterwards, and died of a dropsy on the 9th of October, 1709, in her 69th year. Bishop Burnet says, "she was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very

uneasy to the king, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which in so critical a time required great application.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 129.

P. 190. *Lady Shrewsbury.*] Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, eldest daughter of Robert Brudenel, Earl of Cardigan, and wife of Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, who was killed in a duel by George, Duke of Buckingham, March 16th, 1667. She afterwards remarried with George Rodney Bridges, Esq. second son of Sir Thomas Bridges, of Keynsham, in Somersetshire, Knt. and died April 20th, 1702. By her second husband she had one son, George Rodney Bridges, who died in 1751. This woman is said to have been so abandoned, as to have held, in the habit of a page, her gallant, the duke's horse, while he fought and killed her husband;

after which she went to bed with him, stained with her husband's blood.

Ibid. *The Miss Brooks.*] One of these ladies married Sir John Denham, and is mentioned hereafter.

Ibid. *The new Queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court.*] Lord Clarendon confirms in some measure this account: 'There was a numerous family of men and women, that were sent from Portugal, the most improper to promote that conformity in the queen, that was necessary for her condition and future happiness, that could be chosen: the women, for the most part, old and ugly and proud, incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education. And they desired, and indeed had conspired, so far to possess the queen themselves, that she should neither learn the English language, nor use their habit, nor depart from the manners and fashions of her own country in any particulars; which resolution,' they told, 'would be for the dignity of Portugal, and would quickly induce the

English ladies to conform to her majesty's practice. And this imagination had made that impression, that the tailor who had been sent into Portugal to make her clothes, could never be admitted to see her, or receive any employment. Nor when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of honour and prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the king, did she receive any of them till the king himself came; nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices. She could not be persuaded to be dressed out of the wardrobe that the king had sent to her, but would wear the clothes which she had brought, until she found that the king was displeased, and would be obeyed; whereupon she conformed, against the advice of her women, who continued their opiniatrety, without any one of them receding from their own mode, which exposed them the more to reproach.' *Continuation of Clarendon's Life,* p. 168. In a short time after their arrival in England, they were ordered back to Portugal.

P. 182. *Katharine de Braganza was far from appearing with splendor in the charming court where she came to reign; however in the end she was pretty successful.*] Lord Clarendon says, 'the queen had beauty and wit enough to make herself agreeable to him (the king); and it is very certain, that at their first meeting, and for some time after, the king had very good satisfaction in her.'—'Though she was of years enough to have had more experience of the world, and of as much wit as could be wished, and of a humour very agreeable at some seasons; yet she had been bred according to the mode and discipline of her country, in a monastery; where she had only seen the women who attended her, and conversed with the religious who resided there; and without doubt, in her inclinations, was enough disposed to have been one of that number. And from this restraint she was called out to be a great queen, and to a free conversation in a court that was to be upon the matter new formed, and reduced from the manners of a licentious age, to the old rules and limits which

had been observed in better times; to which regular and decent conformity, the present disposition of men or women was not enough inclined to submit, nor the king enough disposed to exact.' *Continuation of Lord Clarendon's Life*, p. 167. After some struggle, she submitted to the king's licentious conduct, and from that time lived upon easy terms with him, until his death. On the 30th of March, 1692, she left Somerset House, her usual residence, and retired to Lisbon, where she died 31st December, 1705. N. S.

P. 183. *This princess.*] 'The Duchess of York,' says Bishop Burnet, 'was a very extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a princess; and took state on her rather too much. She writ well; and had begun the duke's life, of which she shewed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal; and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was bred in great strictness in religion, and practised secret confession.—Morley told me

he was her confessor. She began at twelve years old; and continued under his direction till, upon her father's disgrace, he was put from the court. She was generous and friendly; but was too severe an enemy.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 237. She was contracted to the duke at Breda, November 24th, 1659; and married at Worcester House, 3d September, 1660, in the night, between eleven and two, by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the duke's Chaplain; the Lord Ossory giving her in marriage. *Kennet's Register*, p. 246. She died 31st March, 1671, having previously acknowledged herself to be a Roman Catholic.—See also her character by Bishop Morley. *Kennet's Register*, p. 385. 390.

Ibid. *The queen-dowager returned after the marriage of the princess royal.*] Queen Henrietta Maria arrived at Whitehall, 2d November, 1660, after nineteen years absence. She was received with acclamations; and bonfires were lighted on the occasion both in London and Westminster. She returned to France with her daughter, the princess

Henrietta, 2d January, 1660-1. She arrived again at Greenwich, 28th July, 1662; and continued to keep her court in England until July, 1665, when she embarked for France, 'and took so many things with her,' says Lord Clarendon, 'that it was thought by many that she did not intend ever to return into England. Whatever her intentions at that time were, she never did see England again, though she lived many years after.' *Continuation of Clarendon's Life,* p. 263. She died at Colombe, near Paris, in August, 1669; and her son, the Duke of York, pronounces the eulogium on her: 'She excelled in all the good qualities of a good wife, of a good mother, and a good Christian.' *Macpherson's original Papers,* Vol. I.

P. 187. *St. Evremond.*] Charles de St. Dennis, Seigneur de St. Evremond, was born at St. Denis le Guast, in Lower Normandy, on the 1st of April, 1613. He was educated at Paris with a view to the profession of the law; but he early quitted that pursuit, and went into the army, where he signalized himself on several occasions. At the time of

the Pyrenean treaty, he wrote a letter censuring the conduct of Cardinal Mazarine, which occasioned his being banished France. He first took refuge in Holland; but in 1662 he removed into England, where he continued, with a short interval, during the rest of his life. In 1675, the Duchess of Mazarine came to reside in England; and with her St. Evremond passed much of his time. He preserved his health and cheerfulness to a very great age; and died 9th of September, 1703, aged ninety years, five months, and twenty days. His biographer, Monsieur Des Maizeaux, describes him thus: 'M. de St. Evremond had blue, lively and sparkling eyes, a large forehead, thick eye-brows, a handsome mouth, and a sneering physiognomy. Twenty years before his death, a wen grew between his eye-brows, which in time increased to a considerable bigness. He once designed to have it cut off, but as it was no ways troublesome to him, and he little regarded that kind of deformity, Dr. Le Fevre advised him to let it alone, lest such an operation should be attended with

dangerous symptoms in a man of his age. He would often make merry with himself on account of his wen, his great leather cap, and his grey hair, which he chose to wear rather than a periwig.' St. Evremond was a kind of Epicurean philosopher, and drew his own character in the following terms, in a letter to Count de Grammont. 'He was a philosopher, equally removed from superstition and impiety; a voluptuary, who had no less aversion from debauchery than inclination for pleasure; a man, who had never felt the pressure of indigence, and who had never been in possession of affluence: he lived in a condition despised by those who have every thing, envied by those who have nothing, and relished by those who make their reason the foundation of their happiness. When he was young, he hated profusion, being persuaded that some degree of wealth was necessary for the conveniences of a long life: when he was old, he could hardly endure economy, being of opinion, that want is little to be dreaded when a man has but little time left to be miserable. He was well

pleased with nature, and did not complain of fortune. He hated vice, was indulgent to frailties, and lamented misfortunes. He sought not after the failings of men with a design to expose them; he only found what was ridiculous in them for his own amusement: he had a secret pleasure in discovering this himself; and would, indeed, have had a still greater in discovering this to others, had he not been checked by discretion. Life, in his opinion, was too short to read all sorts of books, and to burden one's memory with a multitude of things, at the expence of one's judgment. He did not apply himself to the most learned writings, in order to acquire knowledge; but to the most rational, to fortify his reason. He sometimes chose the most delicate, to give delicacy to his own taste; and sometimes the most agreeable, to give the same to his own genius. It remains that he should be described, such as he was, in friendship and in religion. In friendship he was more constant than a philosopher, and more sincere than a young man of good nature without

experience. With regard to religion, his piety consisted more in justice and charity, than in penance or mortification. He placed his confidence in God, trusting in his goodness; and hoping that in the bosom of his providence, he should find his repose and his felicity.'—He was buried in Westminster abbey.

P. 193. *D'Olonne.*] Mademoiselle de la Loupe, who is mentioned in De Retz's Memoirs, Vol. III. p. 95. She married the Count d'Olonne, and became famous for her gallantries, of which the Count de Bussi speaks so much, in his 'Amorous History of the Gauls.' Her maiden name was Catherine Henrietta d'Angennes, and she was daughter to Charles d'Angennes, Lord of la Loupe, Baron of Amberville, by Mary du Raynier. There is a long character of her by St. Evremond, in his works, Vol. I. p. 17. The same writer, mentioning the concern of some ladies for the death of the Duke of Candale, says, 'But his true mistress (the Countess d'Olonne) made herself famous by the excess of her affliction; and had, in my opinion, been happy, if she had kept it on to

the last: one amour is creditable to a lady; and I know not whether it be not more advantageous to their reputation than never to have been in love.' *St. Evremond's Works*, Vol. II. p. 24.

Ibid. *The Countess de Fiesque.*] This lady seems to have been the wife of Count de Fiesque, who is mentioned by St. Evremond, as 'fruitful in military chimeras; who, besides the post of lieutenant-general, which he had at Paris, obtained a particular commission for the beating up of the quarters, and other rash and sudden exploits, which may be resolved upon whilst one is singing the air of La Barre, or dancing a minuet.' *St. Evremond's Works*, Vol. I. p. 6. The Count's name occurs very frequently in De Retz's Memoirs.

P. 196. *Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh.*] Richard, the first Earl of Ranelagh, was member of the English house of commons, and vice-treasurer of Ireland, 1674. He held several offices under King William and Queen Anne, and died 5th January, 1711. Bishop Burnet says, 'Lord

Ranelagh was a young man of great parts, and as great vices: he had a pleasantness in his conversation that took much with the king, and had a great dexterity in business.' *History of his own Times*, Vol. I. p. 373.

P. 197. *Mrs. Middleton.*] Mrs. Jane Middleton, according to Mrs. Granger, was a woman of small fortune, but great beauty.—Her portrait is in the gallery at Windsor.

Ibid. *Among the queen's maids of honour there was one called Warmestre.*] Lord Orford observes, that there is a family of the name of Warminster settled at Worcester; of which five persons are interred in the cathedral. One of them was dean of the church, and his epitaph mentions his attachment to the royal family. Miss Warminster, however, was only a fictitious name: the last Earl of Arran, who lived only a short time after the period these transactions are supposed to have happened, asserted, that the maid of honour here spoken of, was Miss Mary Kirk, sister of the Countess of Oxford; and who, three years after she was driven from court, married Sir Thomas Vernon,

under the supposed character of a widow It was not improbable she then assumed the name of Warminster. In the year 1669, the following is the list of the maids of honour to the queen: 1. Mrs. Simona Carew. 2. Mrs. Catherine Bainton. 3. Mrs. Henrietta Maria Price. 4. Mrs. Winifred Wells. The lady who had then the office of mother of the maids was Lady Saunderson. *See Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia,* 1669, p. 301.

P. 201. *Miss Stewart.*] Frances, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter, Baron of Blantyre, and wife of Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lenox. A lady of exquisite beauty, if justly represented in a puncheon made by Roettiere, his majesty's engraver of the mint, in order to strike a medal of her, which exhibits the finest face that perhaps was ever seen. The king was supposed to be desperately in love with her, and it became common discourse, that there was a design on foot to get him divorced from the queen, in order to marry this lady. Lord Clarendon was thought to have promoted the match

with the Duke of Richmond, thereby to prevent the other design, which he imagined would hurt the king's character, embroil his affairs at present, and entail all the evils of a disputed succession on the nation. Whether he actually encouraged the Duke of Richmond's marriage, doth not appear; but it is certain that he was so strongly possessed of the king's inclination to a divorce, that even after his disgrace he was persuaded the Duke of Buckingham had undertaken to carry that matter through the parliament. It is certain too that the king considered him as the chief promoter of Miss Stewart's marriage, and resented it in the highest degree. The ceremony took place privately, and it was publicly declared in April, 1667. From one of Sir Robert Southwell's dispatches, dated Lisbon, December $\frac{2}{12}$, 1667, it appears that the report of the queen's intended divorce had not then subsided in her native country. *History of the Revolutions of Portugal*, 1740, p. 352. The Duchess became a widow in 1672, and died October 15th,

1702. See *Burnet's History, Ludlow's Memoirs, and Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond.* A figure in wax of this duchess is still to be seen in Westminster abbey.

P. 202. *Mrs. Hyde.*] Theodosia, daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel, first wife of Henry Hyde, the second Earl of Clarendon.

P. 203. *Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer.*] 'There was a symmetry and elegance, as well as strength and agility in the person of Jacob Hall, which was much admired by the ladies, who regarded him as a due composition of Hercules and Adonis. The open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland was said to have been in love with this rope-dancer, and Goodman the player at the same time.—The former received a salary from her grace.' *Granger,* Vol. II. part 2. p. 461. In reference to the connexion between the duchess and the rope-dancer, Mr. Pope introduced the following lines into his Sober Advice from Horace:——

'What push'd poor E——s on the imperial whore?
'Twas but to be where Charles had been before.

The fatal steel unjustly was apply'd,
When not his lust offended, but his pride:
Too hard a penance for defeated sin,
Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall let in.'

P. 205. *Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle.*] Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard. He married Mary, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and died 1678. See *Mad. Dunois' Memoirs of the English Court,* 8vo. 1708.

P. 206. *Spring Garden.*] This place appears, from the description of its situation in the following extract, and in some ancient plans, to have been near Charing Cross; probably where houses are now built, though still retaining the name of gardens. The entertainments usually to be met with there, are thus described by a contemporary writer: 'The manner is, as the company returns (*i. e.* from Hyde Park), to alight at the Spring Garden, so called in order to the parke, as our Thuilleries is to the course: the inclo-

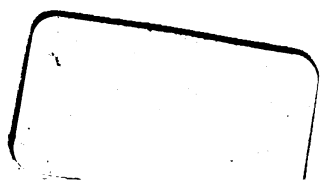
sure not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and *as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's*; but the company walk in it at such a rate, you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; and, my lord, there was no appearance that I should prove the Hippomenes, who could with much ado keep pace with them: but as fast as they run, they stay there so long as if they wanted not time to finish the race; for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry; after they have refreshed with the collation which is here seldom omitted at a certain cabaret, in the middle of this paradise; where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neats' tongues, salacious meats, and bad Rhenish, for which the gallants pay sauce, as indeed they do at all such houses throughout England; for they think it a piece of frugality beneath them, to bargain or account for what they

eat in any place, however unreasonably imposed upon.' *Character of England*, 12mo. 1659, p. 56, written, it is said, by John Evelyn, Esq. Spring Garden is the scene of intrigue in many of our comedies of this period.

P. 209. *This was Montagu.*] Ralph Montagu, second son of Edward, Lord Montagu. He was master of the horse to the queen, and in 1669 was sent ambassador extraordinary to France; on his return from whence, in January 1672, he was sworn of the privy council. He afterwards became master of the great wardrobe; and was sent a second time to France. He took a very decided part in the prosecution of the Popish plot, in 1678; but on the sacrifice of his friend, Lord Russell, he retired to Montpelier during the rest of King Charles's reign. He was active at the Revolution; and soon after created Viscount Monthermer, and Earl of Montagu. In 1705, he became Marquis of Monthermer, and Duke of Montagu. He died 7th March, 1709, in his 73d year, leaving behind him the character of a very in-

dulgent parent, a kind and bountiful master, a very hearty friend, a noble patron of men of merit, and a true assertor of English liberty.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street, London.

JUN 2 2 1956